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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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Accanto.

At the recent Philharmonic dinner, Lord Coleridge, who acted as chairman, told some amusing anecdotes. Among others he related how, once upon a time, he persuaded a brother lawyer to attend with him a concert given by the Bach Society. After the performance was over, Lord Coleridge's learned brother exclaimed feelingly, "Well, I would rather hear Offenbach than Bach often!"

THE following advertisement appears in a daily contemporary:—"Voice Culture.—A great discovery. A manuscript found, left by Porpora. How to develop a phenomenal voice. One trial lesson free. Address for appointment, N. D., 28 Grosvenor Park, Cambridge."

A YOUNG lady in a music-shop in Hartford, U.S., was looking over a collection of new music, and coming across the score of the oratorio to be rendered at the recent musical festival, inquired of the shopman the meaning of the title "Moses et Vita." The man promptly replied, "Moses in Egypt." A listener vouches for the truth of the story.

"MAGNA CHARTA" has been set to music by a Mr. Smith. The piece, we are glad to learn, only records what modern critics call "general impressions." A contemporary supposes we shall next have an oratorio on the subject of Domesday Book.

FROM New York we learn that Professor Bartholomew's troupe of trained horses have opened a summer season at the Academy of Music. Among the most interesting tricks was the bell-ringing. Twelve horses stood in a row before a gamut of bells, and, to the accompaniment of the orchestra, played "Home, sweet Home." The locale where these performances take place is, therefore, not so inappropriate as might at first be imagined.

A PROFESSOR of music was interviewed lately by a paterfamilias whose manner was anything but pleasant, and who evidently looked on the learning of music as a luxury which ought not to cost much. "How much do you say you charge a month for giving lessons on the piano?" he asked the professor, in an astonished tone. "One guinea," was the reply. "Ugh!" grunted the practical man, "and how many lessons do you give for the guinea?" "One," replied the professor curtly, and the interview closed forthwith.

THE following Schubert anecdote, which has recently appeared in a German paper, is told by Dr. Franz Lachner, one of the oldest German composers living. Between sixty and seventy

years ago Lachner was out walking with his friend Franz Schubert, when they met a famous basso-profondo, who was as profound a bore as he was a bass. The two composers, finding themselves unable to shake off their unwelcome companion, at last suggested that he should go to the top of a knoll they had reached, and sing some of his most admired airs, while they would go to a little distance to enjoy the treat. The basso, nothing loath, took up his position, and began to fill the air with melody. Meanwhile the two composers stealthily made their way out of sight and earshot, and returned to the city.

THE Shah of Persia says that our music is like cotton-wool. A contemporary wonders if he meant that much of it is padding. Our theory is that he prepared himself for the State concert by stuffing his ears with cotton-wool, in which case the impression produced on him would be natural enough.

MR. THEODORE CHILD has given an interesting account of student life at the Paris Conservatoire in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*. After describing the scenes at the examinations, he quotes as an illustration of what is undergone by professors, pupils, and piano, a short story written by Berlioz on the tragic consequences of the examination of eighteen female and thirteen male students of the pianoforte class at the Paris Conservatoire. The piece chosen by the examiners was Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, which had thus to be played thirty-one times in the course of the day. Erard lent one of his best pianos for the occasion—a piano which he intended to send to the International Exhibition. The only fault to be found with the instrument was that it was a little hard, and Erard hoped that the thirty-one students and the concerto put together would effectually soften it.

THE candidates played, one after the other. The first, second, and third thumped bravely; the fourth, fifth, and sixth found the keys less hard than they expected; ten or twelve others found the piano perfect; the next complained that it was too easy. Lastly, the twenty-ninth candidate affirmed that there was somebody inside the piano who worked the keys, so easy were they to the touch. When the thirtieth rose after his performance, the piano began the concerto of its own accord, and played with ever-increasing fury and force. M. Erard was sent for to stop this runaway piano, but it paid no heed to its maker, or to the holy water that was sprinkled on the key-board. Then the key-board was taken out and thrown into the courtyard; but it still played the Concerto in G minor. It was next chopped to pieces with axes; but each note hopped over the pavement playing fragments of the concerto. At last a blacksmith was called in to carry off the pieces and pound them to powder; and it was not till this had been done, and the powder, if we

remember right, put down a well, that the performance was finally silenced.

THE town of Rochester, U.S., is much excited about a musical medium. This is a Miss Billings, who plays and sings under the influence of a spirit, that of the Italian master Inghelro (?). Miss Billings seats herself at the piano, where, after having evoked the spirit, and allowed herself to be put in a mesmeric sleep, she sings, to her own accompaniment, the most elaborate airs, all with the greatest ease. Her songs are in five languages, of which, otherwise, she does not understand a single word; and she plays several instruments, without ever having learnt one of them. If the shade of Inghelro would come to Europe he might obtain a splendid clientele, but it would be hard upon the Conservatoires.

A FORMER opera-singer, now a teacher of singing, says that it is impossible to stand on a carpet or rug and sing one's best. Bare boards make a good floor to stand on when you sing. Stone is just as good, and glass is better; but carpets deaden the voice, and make a trained singer feel choked and suffocating. To sing well one must not have anything above or in front to catch the voice. Even the brim of a hat will impair the voice of a man who wears it.

THE American litterateur, Mr. T. W. Parsons, is the author of the following pretty lines, called "A Lecture on Music":—
Say thou if one of Music seeks
To learn the inventor's name, "Give o'er."
Long before Cadmus gave the Greeks
His alphabet—long before
Vowels or consonants were found—
Was born this mystery of sound.
Ere Adam yet had spoken word
When Eve appeared, and he stood dumb,
And Eve, unconscious of a tongue,
Trembling, with mute emotion stirred,
Could only bite her pretty thumb—
The nightingale, and many an unknown bird,
The lark and oriole had sung,
And Music's language was in Eden heard.

WHEN the notorious Judge Jeffreys held the office of Recorder, he once took part in an action brought by a party of musicians who sought to recover payment for certain services which they had rendered at a wedding. One of the plaintiffs was very much annoyed by the Recorder frequently addressing him with, "I say, fiddler! Here, you fiddler!" Shortly afterwards, when called upon to give evidence, he described himself as a "musicianer," upon which Jeffreys asked him what difference there was between a "musicianer" and a "fiddler." This afforded the witness an opportunity of squaring accounts; so he informed the counsel that there was as much difference between the two as between a pair of bagpipes and a recorder. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be well to mention that a recorder is a kind of flute, now obsolete.

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Verdi's "Otello" at the Lyceum Theatre.

VERDI'S latest work has taken nearly two years and a half to travel from Milan to London: it was produced at La Scala on February 6, 1887, and the first performance at the Lyceum took place on July 5, 1889. Mr. M. L. Mayer, the well-known manager of the French plays, not only arranged with Messrs. Ricordi for the production of the work here, but engaged the vocalists, chorus, band, and conductor from La Scala itself.

The plot of the opera has been fully described in these columns, so that it will be only necessary to speak generally of the performance of the work, and of the reception given to it. The way in which Verdi plunges in *medias res* is certainly striking. A loud tremolo chord ushers in the first scene, and the storm music, the moving mass of figures in the dark, the shouts, the prayers, and at length, when Otello lands, the jubilant rejoicings of the crowd, made a deep impression. Signor Tamagno (Otello) announced the victory over the Turkish fleet in tones of extraordinary vigour. Indeed, throughout the evening his wonderful voice and intelligent acting excited admiration. The chorus round the bonfire is effective, and it was admirably rendered by the chorus. In the drinking scene M. Maurel at once attracted attention by the vivacity of his movements, and by the expression of his face; but this was only the beginning of a series of triumphs. The first act closes with a duet between Otello and Desdemona (Signora Cataneo), which is remarkable both from a musical and a dramatic point of view. The lady is certainly an accomplished actress, but her voice is no longer in its prime.

The second act, which on a first hearing of the work appears to be the finest, opens with Iago's cynical "Credo," set to most characteristic music. This was declaimed with such power by M. Maurel that the audience clamoured for an encore, and unfortunately prevailed on the actor to repeat it. This was undoubtedly an artistic mistake. The duet in which Iago works upon the feelings of Otello is full of power. Desdemona is seen through a glass partition walking in the garden with Cassio. The choruses sung by the men, women, and children who come to offer her gifts are simple and pleasing. The accompaniment by guitars and mandolines gives appropriate local colour. Desdemona's intercession on Cassio's behalf gives rise to some fine music. The quartet between Otello and Desdemona on the one hand, and Emilia and Iago on the other, is a telling piece of writing. The concluding scene between Iago and Otello shows the composer in one of his most inspired moments.

In the third act there is the conversation between Iago and Cassio, to which from behind a pillar Otello listens with signs of curiosity and uneasiness. After the exciting music of the

previous act, this scene seems comparatively uninteresting. The act, however, concludes well. The arrival of the ambassadors from Venice makes a fine display on the stage, and there is a long, important, and effective ensemble. As the curtain falls, Iago is seen with his foot on Otello, who is lying prostrate on the ground.

In the fourth and last act Desdemona is, of course, the central figure, and Signora Cataneo was here at her best. The "Willow" song and the prayer to the "Virgin Mary" are both attractive, and will, no doubt, become popular. The passage for the basses when Otello enters into the bed-chamber is certainly most striking.

It only remains for us to speak in the very highest terms of the orchestra, and of its conductor, the renowned Signor Faccio; and to notice the excellent mounting of the piece. The theatre was crowded, and the work was received with great enthusiasm.



The Ladies Ferrari.

It is not often that artistes achieve a phenomenal success in two distinct lines. The young ladies Ferrari, with whose portraits we present our readers, stand, however, in this exceptional position. Augusta and Ernesta began as pianistes, and after obtaining the gold medal at Vienna Conservatoire, discovered that their voices might also be turned to account. They went to Milan and studied there for five years, with the result of developing a style peculiarly their own, whilst founded on the grand school. Their classical rendering of the older Italian masters throws quite a new and fascinating light upon the somewhat severe compositions of Lotti and Pergolesi, whilst their extraordinary delivery

of the wild Abruzzi and national Neapolitan street songs, transports the hearer into the midst of a climate, a people, an environment which must always possess undying charms for those who love the home of the Fine Arts. Liszt was so attracted by their playing that he used to invite them to Weimar every year, and Rubinstein regarded them with equal favour. They were received in Paris with enthusiasm, and the critical journals acknowledged at once the rise of two new stars. Their simultaneous pianoforte playing possesses the same strange majestic quality as their singing. It is a sort of mesmeric *tour de force*, the brain wave being so instantaneous that the two pianos sound like one, and a powerful effect is consequently produced, that has probably never been heard before in an equal degree. The Misses Ferrari are everywhere accompanied by their mother, a lady of high rank, the Comtesse Elise Ferrari

d' O'chieppo, and they are certainly among the most attractive additions that have been made for many years to the list of drawing-room favourites in London.

They have played at the Crystal Palace, St. James' Hall, and elsewhere, with great applause, and they gave a brilliant concert at Collard & Collard's pianoforte rooms before leaving London.

Mr. Cowen's Australian Critics.

MR. COWEN seems to have offended the sensibilities of his Australian friends by certain rather ill-judged remarks on the subject of music in the Colony. When asked, "What is your opinion of the musical tastes of Australia?" he replied, "When I arrived there it was a barren field." Describing his course of procedure, he intimated that he had found it necessary to feed his audiences with the milk of Rossini and Auber, before introducing the strong meat of Beethoven and Wagner. Their future progress he now regards as assured, since a "direct impulse has been given to orchestral music," and "now that the door has been thrown open, it is likely to be kept open." Even Mr. Cowen's praise is taken in ill part by certain Australian critics. Upon his remark that he found the press on the whole "remarkably well-informed and intelligent on all musical matters, and their criticisms, especially upon new works, most excellent and very unprejudiced, the *Adelaide Advertiser* comments thus:—"For our part we cannot see anything very remarkable in all this. The press of these colonies is not conducted by uneducated and ill-informed persons, and we venture to say the average calibre of its staff will compare favourably with that of the press either in England or America. Mr. Cowen's surprise that it was able to appreciate what was worthy of admiration, and to express itself in an unprejudiced manner, simply indicates that his notions concerning our intellectual standard and attainments were at fault."

Music in London.

THE seventh Richter Concert, June 24, being given in conjunction with the Wagner Society, the programme was naturally devoted entirely to the works of "The Master." The "Siegfried" Idylle had already been heard twice this season, and other familiar excerpts fairly suitable for concert purposes had been included in previous programmes; so that it was no easy task to draw up a fresh scheme. The selections made were interesting in two ways. First of all, the overture to "Rienzi" showed the artist's starting, and the close of the first act of "Parsifal" his ending point; and between the two there is as much, if not more, difference than between Beethoven's earliest and latest works. Then, again, Sach's Monologue "Wahn, Wahn" (admirably interpreted by Mr. Max Heinrich), and the sword-forging scene from "Siegfried," recalled two of Wagner's most characteristic works, and Lohengrin's "Farewell to Elsa," magnificently sung by Mr. E. Lloyd, of an opera which has become popular. But it has often and justly been said that excerpts such as these lose much of their meaning and effect on the concert platform. This was especially noticeable in the "Parsifal" music. With a certain amount of imagination, one can perhaps picture to oneself the "Siegfried" and "Mune" scene: two men on a stage, the one tall and robust, working at a forge; the other of dwarfish stature and ungainly appearance, preparing his poisonous beverage. But who that had not been to Baireuth could form any idea of the sights seen and the sounds heard in the Temple of the Grail? On the other hand, any one who had witnessed the wonderful scene at Baireuth could scarcely enjoy the music *per se*.

Dr. Hubert Parry's new Symphony in E (No. 4) was produced at the eighth concert on July 1. It is only recently that the "little" one in C—as Dr. Parry modestly named his third—was given at a Philharmonic Concert. Such energy and earnestness in so high a branch of musical art are not often to be met with. The new work is justly praised in the programme-book for "its nobility of thought, its thoroughly genial and melodious character, its apparent spontaneity, and its freedom from tricks of the schoolmen." The last statement is not, however, intended to imply that it is lacking in scholarship. The first movement, *allegro energico*, and the *finale*, are bold in design and ambitious in treatment, but the melodious *lento espressivo* and the quaint and charming *allegro scherzoso*, the two middle movements, at once make their mark. The work was played to perfection, and well received. Madame Stepanoff performed the first movement of a concerto said to be by Beethoven. It is supposed to be an early composition of the master's, and the music, indeed, bears marked traces of the influence of Mozart. The pianoforte and the band parts were recently discovered at Vienna. They bear the name of Beethoven, but they are in the handwriting of Joseph Bezecny, a director of the Institute for the Blind at Prague, who died in 1873. The programme included the closing scene from "Götterdämmerung," given with considerable dramatic power by Miss Fillunger, and Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, to which full justice was rendered by band and conductor. Berlioz's "Faust" was performed at the ninth and concluding concert on July 8. Mrs. Mary Davies as Margaret and Mr. E. Lloyd as Faust need no words of comment. Mr. Bantock Pierpoint was a good Brander, and Mr. Max Heinrich gave an artistic render-

ing of the "Mephistopheles" music. The Richter choir was weaker than usual, but the orchestra distinguished itself greatly. The conductor was heartily cheered at the close. Arrangements have already been made, and dates fixed, for the season of 1890.

Herman Goetz's opera, "The Taming of the Shrew," has not been given for many years in London, and yet a work so full of skill and musical charms ought not to be thus neglected. It is therefore a pleasure to find that, in spite of the many difficulties which it presents both to singers and players, it was selected by Sir George Grove and Dr. Villiers Stanford for performance by the pupils of the Royal College of Music at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, July 10. Miss Emily Davies was exceedingly energetic as Catherine, but was decidedly nervous. Miss Maggie Davies, the Bianca, has a very pleasing voice, and was heard to advantage. Mr. John Sandbrook as Petruchio, Mr. Charles J. Magrath as Baptista, and Mr. Lemprière Pringle as Hortensio, may all be commended. The particularly clear enunciation and natural acting of the last-named deserve recognition. Mr. A. C. Peach was amusing as the tailor. Chorus and band were excellent: the whole performance reflected great credit on the College teaching. Dr. Stanford conducted in his usual efficient manner.

Concerts during the last few weeks have been numerous, but space will only allow of a brief mention of the more important.

Sir Charles Halle's interesting series of chamber concerts came to a successful close on Friday, June 28. Brahms's grand Quintet in F minor, Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, and Schumann's dainty "Waldscenen" were included in the programme, and it need scarcely be added that everything was artistically rendered. There was a large audience.

Fraülein Spies gave a second recital on July 2, this time at St. James's Hall. Having already spoken about her exquisite rendering of Lieder, it will easily be imagined that she again won golden opinions. She sang nearly the whole of Schumann's "Dichter-Lieder" and some Schubert songs; but perhaps the most attractive part of the programme was the close "Ewige Liebe," "Wiegenlied," and the lively "Vergebliches Ständchen" by Brahms. She had to repeat the last song, and, in fact, that was not the only encore of the afternoon. Mr. Frantzen accompanied with skill. Miss Agnes Zimmermann contributed pianoforte solos.

Senor Albemz gave a second recital at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, June 24. Again he displayed his extraordinary technique, but he is apt, at times, to run riot. His rendering of Bach's Italian Concerto was scarcely a classical one. His Chopin playing in the Berceuse and in two of the Etudes, however, was highly satisfactory.

Mr. Max Heinrich, whose artistic singing has lately been the subject of general comment, gave the first of two concerts at the Princes Hall on Saturday, June 29. The "Kreutzer" Sonata is no novelty, but it was a treat to listen to the careful and refined rendering of that work by Messrs. Willy Hess and Schönberger. The concert-giver sang in his best manner several Lieder by Schumann and Franz, but he also was heard in a selection from "Young Werner's Rhine Songs" by Hugo Brückler. The composer's name is but little known, but these songs show genuine talent. He was a pupil of Adolphe Jensen's, but like many geniuses was called from this world long ere he had attained maturity. Miss Lena Little's artistic singing of several songs was much admired. Herr Schönberger gave a fine reading

of Schubert's romantic "Wanderer" Fantasia. The second concert on the following Saturday was also excellent, both as regards programme and performances.

Mr. Vladimir de Pachmann's third Chopin recital at St. James's Hall on Monday, July 8, again drew a large audience. One may perhaps object, here to the rate at which a piece is taken, there to some slight departure from the text; but taken altogether, the pianist is far and away the best exponent of the music of the gifted Pole. One feels, indeed, inclined to ask whether the composer himself could have done more justice to his own works. As the programme consisted chiefly of pieces in which the pianist has often been heard, we need only add that at the close of a successful concert he was much applauded, and that a laurel wreath was handed to him from some one in the audience.

Madame Backer-Gröndahl's recital at Princes Hall on Saturday, July 13, was one of considerable interest. The programme included songs and pianoforte pieces of her own composition. The songs show refined taste, and her Suite, Op. 23, for pianoforte, is the work of an accomplished musician. The Gavotte is piquant, the Minuet graceful, and the Finale quaint and characteristic. Her rendering of some solos by Schumann was mainly interesting from a subjective point of view.

"Die Meistersinger" at Covent Garden.

WAGNER'S one comic opera has been heard here in German, and at one time it was thought that it would be also given in English by the Carl Rosa Company. At last, however, it appears upon the Italian stage, in an Italian version, which reproduces as faithfully as it is possible the spirit of the original, and under an Italian conductor. The production of "Die Meistersinger" at Covent Garden on Saturday evening, July 13, was a bold experiment on the part of Mr. Augustus Harris; and although one cannot say that it was altogether a successful one, still there were points in the performance worthy of great commendation. Mons. Jean de Reske's impersonation of Walther is the first to call for notice. The young Franconian knight is the central figure of the story, and the music allotted to him is, from a melodic point of view, the most attractive. With this accomplished artist, the result, then, was almost a foregone conclusion. Next came Mons. Lassalle, who entered thoroughly into the part of the cobbler Hans Sachs, and sang magnificently. Madame Albani rendered some of her music charmingly, but the part of the youthful, playful maiden does not really suit her. Moreover, she was not quite at her ease; yet if one take into consideration the intricate character of the music, this is not surprising even with so distinguished and experienced a singer. Mdlle. Bauermeister as the Lena was satisfactory. Much depends upon the Beckmesser. The rôle is a difficult one both for singing and acting. Signor Isnardon had evidently carefully studied his part, and if only he had not tried to be funny, he would have been still more successful. Beckmesser, in his way, is quite serious.

M. Montariol was excellent as the apprentice, and favourable mention must be made of Sig. Abramoff (Pogner) and M. Winogradoff (Kothner). Signor Mancinelli conducted with great care, but long experience is needed for music of this kind. The theatre was crowded, and the reception of the work quite enthusiastic.

Musicians in Council.

Dramatis Personæ.

DR. MORTON, *Pianist.*
 MRS. MORTON, *Violinist.*
 MISS SEATON, *Soprano.*
 MISS COLLINS, *Contralto.*
 MR. TREVOR, *Tenor.*
 MR. BOYNE, *Baritone.*

TREVOR. I believe we have none of us brought any music to discuss to-day, because, hearing that Dr. and Mrs. Morton have just returned from Paris, we expect them to give us a full and particular account of all they have seen, heard, and done.

Miss S. Yes; it is so much the quickest, cheapest, and best way of doing an International Exhibition to let one's friends go and bear the burden and heat of the day, while we sit at home at ease and hear all about it when they come back.

Mrs. M. Then you must take it in turns to ask questions about what you want to know; it is impossible to describe a thing of that kind in cold blood. Before you begin, however, I may as well state at once that we did not go up the Eiffel Tower, for an excellent and all-sufficient reason—we didn't want to. Now you may proceed.

Boyne. Well, of course we take it for granted that you did not enjoy the Exhibition; no created being ever did enjoy an Exhibition. Thanks to the contrariness of human nature, it is quite enough to know that you are expected to admire or be surprised at anything, instantly to be seized with an overpowering feeling of indifference. If two or three of the objects came in your way unexpectedly and accidentally, you would go into raptures over them; but when hundreds of thousands are set out of deliberate intent, you feel as you would at a dinner of a similar number of dishes, satiated before you begin.

Dr. M. Yes; that is true to a certain extent. At these leviathan shows one becomes very critical and hard to please; it is only something abnormally beautiful or original that can rouse one to enthusiasm. Personally, I think the visitors themselves are always the most interesting part of an exhibition.

Mrs. M. And the exhibitors too; particularly the Orientals, they are so picturesque, and so much more composed and unaffected in their manner than we Westerns.

Miss C. I suppose somebody ought to put the conventional question, Did the Eiffel Tower strike you as looking very high?

Dr. M. No; the exact contrary was the impression produced upon me. I found it almost impossible to believe that it is three times as high as Norwich Cathedral, and twice as high as Cologne. I suppose the enormous base, which covers several acres, takes off from the appearance of height; it is only by comparing it to the neighbouring buildings that one at all realizes its proportions.

Miss S. We won't ask you about the musical instrument collection, because an account of that appeared in the *Magazine of Music* for last month. What did you think of the great Salle des Machines?

Mrs. M. I did not stop there long. Fancy a hot, unventilated glass case, several acres in extent, full of machines of which one knew neither the names nor the uses, with myriad wheels whirling round unceasingly. My brain began to whirl too, so I fled.

Trevor. Suppose you each tell us what you liked best, or what struck you most in the whole place.

Mrs. M. I know what I coveted most, and that was some of the Roumanian and Grecian embroidery. It was different to the things that one sees at Liberty's, and shops of that kind. The colours were exquisite, and a good deal of raised gold and silver work, and sequins were used. I longed to smash the cases and make off with the contents. I also broke the tenth commandment several times in that part of the French section which is devoted to the wearing apparel of both sexes. Such gowns and mantles and opera-cloaks! But of course a good many of the things will be getting old-fashioned by the time the Exhibition is over. Then there were some lovely wrought metal-work dishes, bowls, and vases in the Algerian section. Those which were for sale were wonderfully reasonable in price. The Annamite cars, with men to draw them, were quaint and uncommon-looking. There was a charming Dutch bakery, where we had new little plum buns which seemed to me ambrosial, but that may have been on account of the sauce with which sight-seeing always provides one. I don't remember much besides that impressed me particularly, except a lovely girl who was selling scent in the American section.

Dr. M. Of course I took a special interest in the musical instrument section; but as you have read enough about that, I won't bore you with my own impressions. What I enjoyed as much as anything was poking about in the Rue de Caire, the Egyptian bazaar, and the stalls of Turkish and Persian workmen, who were making the goods they offered for sale. Most of them could talk French, and seemed to enjoy having a little conversation. I took a good deal of interest in the pictures; it is so seldom that one has an opportunity of comparing the methods of painting of artists of different nationalities. The "Habitations" of different periods would have been a very striking feature of the Exhibition if the idea had been better carried out. As it was, only the exterior of the buildings was intended to be looked at; the interior was usually given over to "Bock." The dates, too, were fearfully and wonderfully vague. I noticed several houses which were attributed to "about 1000 B.C." Another thing that has remained in my memory is a concert given by a Nubian band. The instruments were composed of about an equal number of pipes and drums. The effect, to European ears, was very curious.

Mrs. M. Very curious! Barring the drums, it was exactly like a lot of giant gnats humming in one's ear. You know gnats don't keep any particular time, nor do they hum any particular tune, but they dwell with irritating persistency on one or two notes. If you hit at them, they play the same piece about an octave higher, and a great deal faster. Well, these people did very much the same. Even Dr. Morton could not stand more than ten minutes of it.

Miss C. I suppose you heard some other music besides that of the Nubian band?

Dr. M. Yes; we went to a wonderful concert, given at the Trocadero under the direction of M. Colonne. It lasted quite three hours, and the programme consisted entirely of the works of French composers. The orchestra was superb, but the singers, most of whom belonged to the opera, were decidedly mediocre, with the exception of M. Bouhy. Part of Berlioz's wonderful Requiem was performed, and extracts were given from some of the more important works of Massenet, Godard, and Augusta Holmes. The latter, by the way, is an Irish-woman by birth.

Mrs. M. Then there was a most exquisite

Norwegian Rhapsody by M. Lalo, played to perfection by the orchestra. I wonder our English conductors don't introduce modern French compositions oftener into their programmes. There is an extraordinary charm, to my mind, about many of the shorter orchestral works of the rising French school—so much lightness and delicacy and grace.

Miss S. Fancy your being converted to an admiration for French composers. I thought you almost doubted the existence of good music outside Germany.

Mrs. M. On the contrary, I pride myself on being catholic in my tastes. I am always ready to admire anything that is good of its kind wherever I may hear it. But one hears so little French music in England, and still less in Germany.

Boyne. I suppose you went to the opera?

Dr. M. We saw "Roméo et Juliette," but, unfortunately, the two De Reszkés had already left for London, and the part of Romeo was filled by a M. Cossira, a tenor with a small, worn voice, and the most distressing tremolo I ever heard.

Mrs. M. It was such a pity, because Miss Eames really is, as everybody says, an "ideal Juliet." She has such a nice refined face and manner, while her voice is delicious. Although very flexible, it is sweet and full, with nothing of that wiry, sharp-edged tone one hears in so many light sopranos. It is wonderful, too, with what perfect ease and aplomb she sings the very difficult music.

Trevor. Were you struck with any of the other singers?

Dr. M. It was no easy matter to hear them, the accompaniments were so very loud; in fact, we were disappointed in the orchestra, which was not, in my opinion, equal to M. Colonne's band. I was not surprised at the trembling, worn voices of the vocalists, who have to sing in that immense house and against such overpowering accompaniments. Of course the ballet was perfect, but then one takes that as a matter of course in Paris.

Mrs. M. The scenery was very good, too, and the chorus-singing was above the average. The soloists acted very fairly, but nothing could make up for the absence of Rossini's three indispensable requisites in a singer, "la voix, la voix, et la voix."

THE recent performance of the "Meistersinger" at the Berlin Opera-House seems to have been a complete fiasco. The tenor, Herr Rothmühl, is both physically and artistically incapable of giving a satisfactory rendering of the very arduous part of Walther, while Fräulein Leisinger was far from being an ideal Eva. The Hans Sachs of Herr Betr was the best performance of the whole.

 HERR BRAHMS has acknowledged his nomination as an honorary citizen of Hamburg (his native place) by a telegram to the Burgomeister, in which he says, "I gratefully acknowledge the news you send me as the fairest honour and the greatest joy that can come to me from man."

 "TRISTAN UND ISOLDE" and "Die Meistersinger" are to be produced next season at the National Theatre of Pesth, in the Hungarian language. After this the whole series of Wagner's works from "Rienzi" to the "Götterdämmerung" will be given in Hungarian in their proper order. This will be the first complete performance of Wagner's works in any non-German language. It is also contemplated to produce the "Meistersinger" at Milan next year; and the manager of the Scala, Signor Corti, with Signor Faccio, the conductor, will visit Baireuth this year to study the performance.

Rubinstein Fifty Years Ago.

ON the 13th of July 1839, in the Petrovsky Park in Moscow, half a century ago, a little lad, with long curling locks tumbling about his ears, and a wide low collar under his dimpled chin, made his first bow to the public, and commenced that wonderful career which gives the name of Rubinstein a place amongst the two other wonder virtuosi of our century, or of any century—Liszt and Paganini.

A few days later a critic, long since dead and gone, wrote in the pages of the *Galatea*, a Moscow journal, as follows:—

"We have already spoken in the pages of the *Galatea* of the wonderful talent of the nine-year-old son of the eminent Moscow manufacturer; now we will say a word of the public concert of this artist-child, which he gave for the poor.

"Some amateurs had earnestly requested the parents of the young artist to allow their gifted son to play for the good of the charity. So on the 11th July the young Rubinstein, pupil of the well-known artist Villoing, gave his first concert in Petrovsky Park, Moscow, playing the Allegro of the Hummel Concert, with the accompaniments of the orchestra directed by Herr Teploff, the Andante of Thalberg, and four small pieces by Liszt, Field, and Henselt.

"Loud applause greeted the young artist, and all were filled with wonder at the astonishing art with which the pieces were played; one-half of the wonder being caused from the fact of the little artist being able to overcome all the difficulties.

"The little fingers travelled with the greatest velocity over the keys of the pianoforte, and brought therefrom a beautiful clear tone, as well as all necessary fortissimo, whilst what was still more wonderful was, that he entered fully into the intentions of the composers.

"The soul of an artist and the ability to follow the beautiful lies with him, and with the entire perfection and the entire development of his talent, the young artist can for certain in time take an honourable place amongst the row of European celebrities."

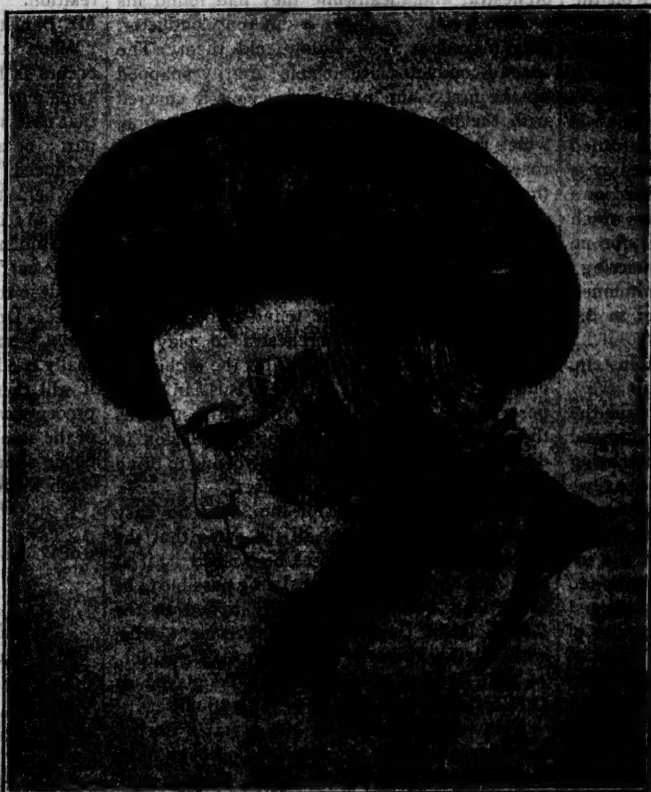
This was a startling statement to make fifty years ago, a prophecy even the most venturesome might hesitate over; but the critic of the *Galatea* had no diffidence in making it, and the young artist himself no drawback for the fulfilling of it, as time has so splendidly shown.

In the little village of Wechurtiney, not far from Jassy, in Bessarabia, the composer-pianist was born, November 30, 1830, and not 1829, as all biographical notices have the date. From the earliest years he showed his future lay in music, and when his family removed to Moscow, his mother—a highly cultivated and intellectual woman, who had till then been his teacher her-

self—placed him under Alexander Villoing, the eminent pianoforte teacher. With him the little Anton made such progress that, as the *Galatea* so graphically shows, he was at nine years old already an artist. At eleven years old he made his first *tournee*, a year later going to England, Holland, and Sweden—no light undertaking for a boy of twelve in the year 1842.

Later still he came to study counterpoint with his brother Nicolai under Professor Dehn, his mother accompanying both her sons, till 1846, when news reached them that their father was dead. Madame Rubinstein at once returned to Moscow, taking Nicolai with her, and leaving Anton behind to continue his studies, and make his further career unaided.

It was from this out that Rubinstein may be said to have commenced his career; till then his father and mother had provided for him, but when the news reached him of his father's death, and of the unsatisfactory condition of his



father's affairs, he had then to brace himself up and commence life in earnest,—Fate being thus kind to him in her very unkindness.

Left alone he went to Vienna, where he gave pianoforte lessons; going on a tour in Hungary with Heinal the flautist in 1847, and then Fate proved very unkind. He was without money and friends. He started for Hamburg to emigrate to America, but some of his friends withheld him; and then in 1848 he came to St. Petersburg, where he has since resided, or rather, he has made it the headquarters in his wandering life following.

Here he soon found old friends—the Grand Duchess Hélène and the Counts Wielhorski.

In 1854, after writing some operas, he again made a tour over Europe, and from that out his career, begun on the concert platform of Moscow, has been triumphal, every city in Europe hailing him with delight, and showering on him honours in profusion and in never ending succession.

Bülow in St. Petersburg.

ON my first coming to St. Petersburg, after a lengthened stay in Germany,—where I had imbibed *con amore* air surfeited with Bülow-worship, and been one amongst a band of happy students who looked up to our great Director as to an infallible Pope in musical matters,—it was rather a rude shock which my feelings received, when in the green-room or artist-room of the Symphony Concert Hall, during the pause of a *Prober*, Rubinstein, Auer, the eminent violinist and conductor of these concerts, as well as Prince Tanyscheff, the Vice-President of the Russian Musical Society, and one who had had much to do with Bülow during his period of conductor here, all severely commenced to mock at and tear my idol to pieces.

I was a stranger, however, and could say nothing. Rubinstein—smarting at this time under Bülow's jest at Hamburg over the Ocean Symphony, of which more anon—had pronounced against him, with the unanimous approval of some half-dozen artists and the leading critics of the St. Petersburg journals, who were all smoking cigarettes together; and so what dared I say, although I was burning with indignation.

Even now the scene rises vividly before my eyes. As a new-comer they had given me the place of honour beside Rubinstein, who was in his great fur pelisse, asking all kinds of questions about my journey, and turning now and again to the others to laugh over my temerity in having, in the depth of winter, crossed the snow-covered plain lying between St. Petersburg and the Russian frontier without understanding a word of Russian, and without an acquaintance to guide me. "Nothing would induce me to do such a thing," he said emphatically.

"When I am in a foreign land, and don't know the language, I never stir outside the door of my hotel, except with some one who does."

I was flattered at the interest the great pianist-composer showed on my behalf, but nevertheless, as I looked around the dimly lighted room, full of shadows, and on my companions, so completely strange as they looked to my eyes, wrapped in their furs, all seated about the green baize-covered table, where two brass candlesticks with lighted candles stood, the room being one without windows, I thought to myself—as I lighted one of the cigarettes Rubinstein had advised me to take to keep away the cold, which just then was dreadful, the thoroughfares being covered more than a foot with hard snow—of the Art centre I had left, of my fellow-students and friends, of the pleasant routine of German student life, of Bülow himself, at that moment blazing away over the Hamburg Orchestra, and for a second I forgot the great man at my side as I told myself

dejectedly, "Surely you have fallen amongst Philistines this time. A foolish freak this, Alexander, coming to St. Petersburg."

However, I resolved to act the part of a Christian and return good for evil; so, after Rubinstein had done telling the story, which was then fresh, of Bülow's attack on his "long hair" in Hamburg, and his retort about the other's "long ears," I said quietly, after a moment's pause,—

"But Bülow is one of your greatest admirers, Herr Rubinstein, he was never done singing your praises to us in Frankfort-am-Main;" and I told him how once during his lesson he had sent away the talented Portuguese pianist young Da Motta, with the Op. 53 of Beethoven, telling him it was sacrilege for any one to play it after Rubinstein, for that he alone in the world could play it. And how he had sarcastically dismissed another pupil who brought the B minor No. 10 Mendelssohn Lieder, telling her he wondered at her bringing one of the gems of Rubinstein's repertoire.

All this had the desired effect, and I had the satisfaction of seeing it was not wasted on the great pianist himself, who quite looked as if he were somewhat ashamed of his late outburst against his fellow-artist; for Rubinstein has a big heart and a generous one, above all petty meanness and spite,—to love his enemies is never any trouble to him; so I quickly turned the conversation, commenting on the weakness of men of genius, who are not to be blamed as a rule, and on the unaccountable way in which Byron could sneer at his best friends, for no other reason than the satisfaction of sneering; and so in a few minutes M. Auer was summoned to resume his baton, and we all filed out to the concert hall.

Some time later, when dining with Rubinstein, he told me the following story:—

"I was giving concerts in Munich," said the great pianist, as an involuntary smile crossed his face at the remembrance, "Bülow being then Director of the opera there; and as we were the best of friends at that time, we arranged to have a supper at my hotel after the opera."

"During the day, however, one of the innumerable young German composers came to me with the score of an overture, and begged me to introduce him and speak favourably of him and his work to Bülow."

"This I promised to do, and I told the young fellow to present himself at supper, and I would do what I could."

"So after the opera, which, by the way, was Spohr's 'Jessonda,' Bülow and I drove off to the hotel,—found the few friends we had invited to supper already there, and amongst them my young friend, whom I quickly presented to Bülow. As it happened, Bülow was in one of his best humours, promised to look over the score, and assist the young fellow if he found talent in it, and after saying a few pleasant things, we all sat down to eat."

"At first, everything went merrily, till suddenly Bülow turned to the young composer, and in his searching, categorical way, demanded of him his idea of Spohr's opera as music."

"The young fellow became completely confused, tried to evade an answer, until, seeing that Bülow was contemplating him with the evident intention of having an answer, and a complete one, he murmured a few hurried words in disavowal."

"The effect on Bülow was electric, all his geniality fled, and whilst we all sat around ill at ease and uncomfortable, Bülow hammered away at the unfortunate youth, until at last, out of breath, he asked with scathing sarcasm,—

"How on earth *he* dared to censure Spohr's music?"

"Nobody said anything as he finished, until at length, with dead silence all round, the young fellow, with a shyness and timidity that sent us all into roars of laughter, said humbly, wholly frightened and half under his breath,—

"But I thought it would please you, sir!"

As an orchestra conductor, the stories of Bülow are innumerable, many and bitter being the feuds between him and his refractory forces.

On one occasion here, in St. Petersburg, he attended a rehearsal wearing a red tie; and at the next rehearsal, in derision, every member of the orchestra sported a flaring spot of geranium-coloured silk under their chins.

Then he wanted a certain part of a Beethoven symphony to be given as he wished it. The orchestra on that occasion did as he directed, purposely, however, doing the contrary at the next rehearsal, which so incensed Bülow, that he angrily cried out, all of them should bring *lead pencils*, since they had no memories. The same week, the same symphony at another concert happened to be performed by the same orchestra, and meanwhile they had found his method good, for, under a different conductor, they played as Von Bülow told them. The second conductor (Rubinstein) angrily snapped up the first violin part, and seeing it covered with the pencil marks after Bülow's direction, which the first violin had faithfully followed, he roared out in stentorian tones, that he desired the orchestra on the next occasion to bring *India-rubbers*.

As in Berlin, so here in St. Petersburg, Bülow came very near running foul of Imperial power. During a rehearsal of one of Glinka's works, Bülow detecting what he found to be an error in form, ordered the orchestra to play the passage as he found right. This the orchestra, outraged at the slight on their Russian composer, flatly refused to do, and the result was the rehearsal came to an abrupt conclusion in disorder, Bülow leaving the hall vowing to bring the refractory band to their senses.

This, however, even for him, was no easy matter; still he insisted all the same that the passage should be played as he wished it, if at all. At length, no settlement being possible to be arrived at, Prince Tanyscheff applied to the Grand Duke Constantine, as President, who, with all the authority of his Imperial position, at once ordered the passage to be played as Glinka had written it, without alteration.

This was a crusher for the irritable doctor, but he was equal to the occasion, although quite sensible of there being no way of playing with Imperial directions in Russia; so accordingly at the general rehearsal he bowed blandly to the orchestra, remarking quietly, with his inimitable dry sarcasm, that, "after Imperial direction,"—here he stroked his small beard slowly, smiling insolently the while,—the passage was to be played, and, therefore, contrary to his orders of the former rehearsal.

However, although the stories of Bülow are legion, Prince Tanyscheff raised his hands in horror on one occasion, and told me that from the moment of Bülow's arrival here till his departure, it was one series of *scandals* with him. Yet the press very often, and the busybodies, make out Bülow a much more testy person than he is; for instance, the story of the long hair and Rubinstein was merely a passing joke of Bülow's, utterly without malice, but which some busybody at once caught up, and a new periodical, just issued, eagerly accepted, in order to give a flavour of piquancy to its news.

Certainly Bülow never loses an occasion to say smart things; and next to his (if not equal to it) reputation as an artist, he cultivates that of a wit. I never was in his company without

hearing some inimitable *bon mots* for every hour that passed; but all the same, who blames him? He is essentially a character, he stops at nothing.

ALEX. M'ARTHUR.

Bach's Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues.

FALSE RELATION.

THE subject of false relation is one about which harmony books in general give but little information. The late Sir A. G. Ouseley in his *Treatise on Harmony* speaks of "the considerable licence of the great composers," but adds: "We do not recommend the young composer to follow their example." Dr. Stainer, however, in his *Theory of Harmony*, says: "The study of the masterpieces of great authors will train the ear to distinguish between a good and a bad false relation." But let us turn to another authority. Mr. Banister, in his *Text-Book of Music*, writes: "When a chord in which any natural note occurs is followed by a chord containing that same note sharpened or flattened, or *vice versa*, that note so altered should appear in the same part; or a false relation between the parts is produced." This statement is clear, yet it in no way helps the student; for while some false relations are bad, others are good. How, then, is the student to distinguish between the two? "The ear," says Mr. Banister, "must determine the desirableness, or otherwise, of the progression." Dr. Alfred Day, in his *Treatise on Harmony*, seems to us the only writer who has really tried to discuss this vexed question, and it will therefore be interesting to compare his precepts with Bach's practice. "No two notes of the same name, but of a different quality, can occur simultaneously," says the theorist. Yet Bach wrote—



The *a* natural is held on when the *a* flat enters. In Pr. 4, Bk. 1, we find the following—

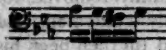


The *b* natural in the bass may certainly be considered as a passing note, but it certainly produces a hard effect. None but a genius would venture to write such a passage. It is somewhat amusing to see how it has been altered by editors. Sometimes we find only the *f* of the three minims dotted, so that the *b* sharp vanishes from the paper, if not from the ear, before the entry of the *b* natural. But an honest, if bolder, change has been adopted by Peters: the bass is written with a *b* sharp.

In Pr. 7, Bk. 1, Bach writes—



Here the *c* natural in the bass is clearly a passing-note; yet Bach, as if regretting his temerity, afterwards changed the passage thus—



We would advise the student to examine also Pr. 16, Bk. 1, bar 18, and F. 18, Bk. 1, bar 33.

Day further tells us that when in two consecutive chords two notes of the same name appear, but altered by a \sharp , \flat , or \natural , such alteration must be in the same part. And this example of such false relation is given—



Now in F. 21, Bk. 1, we find in bar 21—



And in bar 59 of following fugue—



Both these passages have been altered by pedagogic hands so as to get rid of the false relations. In the autograph, known as No. 1, they appear as above. The student might also look at F. 2, Bk. 2, bar 17, and F. 11, Bk. 2, 16th bar from end. Objectionable false relation also is said to exist between two notes varied in quality, if one note intervene, excepting in two instances.

a, passing from 1st inversion on minor 7th of scale to major common chord of the dominant.

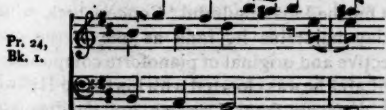
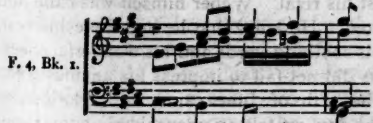
This may be frequently met with in Bach, for in his time the arbitrary form of minor scale was much used.

In Fugue 11, Bk. 1, we have—



Over the c natural appears a chord of \sharp , which renders the false relation effect in the next bar more striking. The root of the chord is however a , the \flat being a passing note.

Here are two other examples based on same succession of chords—



The false relations resulting from "chromatic fundamental chords" are numerous. In F. 1, Bk. 1, bar 12, we have—



The passage from which this is extracted is in the key of A minor. The \flat sharp, 5th of supertonic root B, is followed by \flat natural (in different part), minor 9th of dominant root E.

There are three interesting false relation bars (36-38) in F. 6, Bk. 1—



The root of that bar is d dominant of G minor. The e flat is the minor 9th of root. The e

natural in lowest part is the major ninth of dominant taken as a passing note. Bar 37 is on dominant of A, and bar 38 on that of D minor.

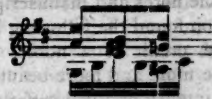
Bar 5 of F. 12, Bk. 1, gives us a fine illustration of false relation without any intervening chord. The passage is in the key of C minor, and the \flat sharp (major 3rd of supertonic) in upper part is followed by \flat natural (minor 7th of dominant) in lower part.



Near the close of Pr. 24, Bk. 1, we have another close false relation between supertonic and dominant chords, rendered still more piquant by the passing minor 9th of dominant.



A few bars before the end of F. 24, Bk. 2, there is a very bold false relation:—



The g sharp is a passing note.

HARMONY.

FORKEL, speaking of Bach's harmony, refers to the hardnesses to be met with in his works. And he advises students to study them in relation to what precedes and what follows. They are often the result of chance rather than of design. Bach starts from one point to arrive at another, and seems more or less indifferent to what may happen through the meeting or crossing of parts. The following harmonic progression is simple enough:—



But, by means of passing notes, it appears in this somewhat harsh form in Fugue 1 (Bk. 1)—



Again, nothing could be plainer than the resolution of the dominant minor 9th on to the chord of the tonic. Here it is in the key of D sharp minor—



But in the G sharp minor Fugue (Bk. 1) we find it presented thus—



But space prevents us from multiplying instances. Hence we will only notice one more passage, and that a particularly harsh one. In the A minor Fugue (Bk. 1) the progression



becomes (bars 74-76)—



Similar examples may be found in the same Fugue.

(To be continued.)

"Elijah" at the Crystal Palace.

JUNE 22, 1889.

AFTER the lapse of forty-two years since its production at Birmingham, the "Elijah" has been given to the public with the massive proportions hitherto confined to Handel's works. The incidents of the highly dramatic narrative imply the presence of excited crowds, as well as striking individual figures; and the only wonder is that the work has not been given at the Palace sooner. Never before were the glorious choruses heard in such perfection, though we hope they often will again. They are almost as familiar to choral societies as those of the "Messiah," and accordingly all the attention of each singer was concentrated upon the conductor, who kept them in perfect order, and held them as well in hand as if they had been counted by tens instead of thousands. The alternations of majestic solemnity with fanatic fury, the war of the elements, and the passions of men, were as clearly defined as though the composer himself had inspired the rendering of each successive movement. Mr. Manns worked hard to achieve this latest success, and his labours were thoroughly appreciated. The audience was equal to that of the Handel Festivals, and quite as enthusiastic. Mme. Albani and Mr. Lloyd specially distinguished themselves by the effective rendering of the beautiful parts allotted to them. Mme. Patey was not quite up to her usual mark. "O rest in the Lord" always recalls Mme. Sainton Dolby, whose singing so deeply moved Mendelssohn himself. Signor Foli's voice was much strained by the high notes in the music of "Elijah"; but his earnest efforts in "Is not His word like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" were heartily applauded. There is no work in all the range of sacred music in which such dramatic situations occur as in the "Elijah": no story so rich in deep and varied emotions, with such a mighty field of action, from starving idolaters up to high heaven itself;—and in setting it to music, Mendelssohn's genius had a congenial task. Most earnest was its treatment at his hands, and most carefully was every detail considered and amended, until the conscientious spirit and delicate artistic feeling of the master was satisfied that it could not be further improved.

Whatever changes time may effect in musical ideas and tastes, the music of the "Elijah" will surely last as long as the story it illustrates, and take rank with the "Messiah" as alone and supreme of its kind.

M. S. W.

MISS ANNIE MARRIOTT, the well-known concert and oratorio singer, was to be married to Mr. Percy Palmer on July 20, at St. Mathias' Church, Earl's Court.

A Morning with Sir Julius Benedict.*

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF
WEBER, BEETHOVEN, AND PAGANINI.

IN Manchester Square, London, there lived an eminent musician and composer, whose conversation was as interesting in its way as Sir Richard Wallace's wonderful private museum, stored near by in Hertford House. Born in Stuttgart in 1804, Sir Julius Benedict has been intimately associated with every great musician of the nineteenth century. Coming to England in 1835, the clever German found so kind a foster-mother as to cause him to become naturalized; and in 1870, Queen Victoria rewarded his untiring efforts in behalf of music by conferring upon him the honour of knighthood. Seated in his little study, with pictures of celebrated artists looking down upon him, with an upright piano in one corner and a table covered with letters to be answered beside it, Sir Julius, with all his work—and he is as busy as a dozen bees—is one of the most "get-at-able" men in London. Musicians who are merely executants may be gifted in one respect and be fools in every other; but it takes brains to be a composer, and Sir Julius's brains are of a high order. The world's politics are as clearly grasped by him as the music of the past,—I will not say as the music of the future, for nobody pretends to grasp that, not even Wagner himself.

"Tell me, Sir Julius, about your acquaintance with Weber," said I one day, after we had been talking about live geniuses. "You were his pupil, were you not? What a privilege!"

"It was indeed a privilege," replied Sir Julius. "There was a musician for you! At the beginning of February 1821, it was my happy lot to be accepted as Weber's pupil. I shall never forget my first impression of him. Ascending the by no means easy staircase which led to his modest home in the third storey of an old house in the old market-place, I found Weber sitting at his desk, occupied with the piano arrangement of his 'Freischütz.' The dire disease which too soon was to carry him off had already made its mark on his noble features. The projecting cheek-bones, the general emaciation, told their sad tale; but in his clear eye—too often concealed by spectacles—in his expansive forehead fringed with a few straggling locks, in the sweet expression of his mouth, in the very tone of his weak but melodious voice, there was a magic irresistible to all who approached him. Weber received me with the utmost kindness, and, though overwhelmed with double duties—as in Morlacchi's temporary absence he conducted both the German and Italian opera—he found time to give me daily lessons for a considerable period. Nothing can give an idea of the treasures of his rich mind. Nothing could exceed the affection that I, with so many others, felt for that great unhappy man, whose life and career were wrecked by the implacable persecution of his powerful adversaries. No prospect of Court favour could make him swerve from his sense of honour, his appreciation of all that was grand and true, his contempt of all that was base and false. Though a mere stripling, it was

my good fortune to be the first who was initiated in his immortal works. He spoke to me of his desire to employ the inexhaustible store of the beautiful old German legends in the creation of a national opera-house. After 'Freischütz,' he intended to complete 'Rubezahl,' begun twelve years previously; these were to be followed by 'Fortunatus,' and his wishing cap, by 'Tannhäuser,' and by 'Genoveva'; thus forestalling the ideas of Richard Wagner. Weber also gave me practical hints how best to acquire a sound knowledge of the art, telling me how to study with advantage the examples of such great masters as Handel and Bach, after the drudgery of a strict course of harmony, and warning me by his own example from attempting to build an ambitious structure before laying a solid foundation."

"Have you no letters from him? Did he never write to you?" I asked.

"Oh yes," replied the old maestro. "I've a precious letter written just before I took leave of him—one which has had no little effect upon my career. Let me see if I can find it." Going to a leather box in the adjoining room, where valuable notes and manuscripts are kept, Sir Julius soon found the following letter, which does infinite credit to a noble, sympathetic nature, made more and more beautiful by cruel fortune and intense physical suffering:—

"MY DEAR JULIUS,—I am anxious before we part to speak with you once more, and to repeat by written word the essential points which in numberless instances I tried to impress on your heart verbally and to the utmost of my power. I felt when you became my pupil that I had duties toward you besides teaching you my art; for I cannot separate art from man, who, living for and in it, should learn how to honour life through it. You know how I despise that so-called geniality which in the career of an artist is looked upon as a passport to reckless conduct and an abnegation of morality. Without a doubt it fosters fancy, and I know how hard it is not to carry into real life all an artist's brilliant dreams, and how pleasant it is to 'let oneself go!' But self-mastery becomes then indispensable to distinguish between freedom in a limited sphere, or unbridled licence in the worship of false idols. Unremitting industry is the only magic wand which can destroy the influence of the craving demon. It is senseless folly to believe that serious study can cripple the artist spirit. . . . In parting from you, I trust to Him who rules all for the best. In every life there is a turning-point which decides the future. Let it be the right one. Art demands abnegation. Make it a point of honour to be firm and independent, and your own conscience will compensate and reward you for every self-sacrifice. My heart goes with you on your life-path. Prove to me that all my fears are vain, and one day you will hold forth your hand to me from a proud eminence. May Heaven's best blessing rest on you is the sincerest wish of your friend."

"And have you always followed this good advice, Sir Julius?" I asked on returning the letter, written in close German text. Sir Julius smiled and said,—

"As closely as poor mortal can. Judge for yourself. If I were twenty years younger than I am, I'd do better work than I have yet done; but at my time of life, with family cares weighing upon me, I must leave composition to younger men."

"Why, Sir Julius, you are as young in brain as the youngest of them. Haven't you just written a jig for your opera of the 'Lily of Killarney,' that is champagne set to music, and brings down the house every night?"

"Ah! it's very kind of you to like it, but a jig

is not serious composition. By work I mean prolonged effort. I've still time for fugitive pieces. Write me some verses, and I'll write you a song."

Such a proposition does not come every day, and was gladly accepted; and then we returned to Weber, as I was anxious to have Sir Julius tell me about the first night of "Der Freischütz," he having been present.

"You want to know about that masterpiece? You shall. Ah, how it takes me back! The first performance was fixed for the 18th June, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. On the preceding morning the general rehearsal took place, and was successful beyond expectation, but the accessories, machinery, etc. were still woefully deficient, principally in one of the most important scenes—the Wolf's Glen. Wonderful decorations had been furnished for the limited stage of the Berlin theatre, which was not adapted to sensational effects. For example, the gigantic owl intended to flap his wings, and whose glowing eyes were supplied by two little oil lamps, met with an accident and flapped with one wing, while the threatening eyes of the night-bird resembled small street lanterns! The fiery carriage was so badly contrived that the fireworks never went off at all, and a common empty wheel, garnished with inoffensive crackers and rockets, ludicrously crossed the stage. The wild hunt, painted on canvas, could not be distinctly seen from the front, and, owing to a cue too quickly given, the effect of the infernal chorus was destroyed. Several of Weber's staunchest friends shook their heads ominously, saying that the experiment of all these scenic clap-traps was dangerous, and would compromise the success of the opera, as there was but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Weber's faithful wife was therefore sent home with me after the rehearsal, and the maestro, snatching a hasty meal at the theatre, remained more than three hours with the machinist to set things right. On returning late at night, he found his wife in a state of desperation. Officious and invidious friends had told her that a regular cabal had been organized by Spontini, whose 'Olympic' had not been well received, and who would move heaven and earth against his rival. Weber himself was calm and collected. He knew that he had done his best, and his soothing words and his wonderful cheerfulness did not fail to impress his anxious wife.

"The 18th of June came, and, glorious as was the day, we felt an unspeakable oppression, which Weber, however, did not share. He had just finished his wonderful 'Concertstück,' which to-day maintains its rank as one of the most effective and original of pianoforte compositions.

"Later he was closeted with his friend Hellwig, the *régisseur* from Dresden, and he dismissed us that he might have a little nap after his frugal dinner. As early as four o'clock I joined the crowd besieging the theatre, and when, two hours later, the doors were opened, I was literally carried into the pit by that surging wave. The sterner sex prevailed. Students and iron crosses abounded. Madam Weber sat in a box with William Beer, brother of her husband's best friend, Meyerbeer. Among a host of literary and musical aspirants was little Felix Mendelssohn with his parents. The musicians gradually took their places, the din of the immense audience subsided, and every eye was fixed upon the orchestra. As the clock struck seven the maestro limped into his seat. Though small in stature, lame, and ungainly, Weber had a great deal of dignity, and in his irregular face there was a mixture of intelligence, enthusiasm, and sensibility, which caused all shortcomings to be forgotten. The applause, which lasted several minutes, was deafening. The students cheered their favourite song poet, and the

* This interview with Benedict appeared at the time it was written in the *Century Magazine*. Sir Julius took a lively interest in the *Magazine of Music* when it was in its infancy, and we were well acquainted with the little study in Manchester Square mentioned by the writer of the article, which we now republish, it containing much that is interesting and new to many of our readers.—Ed.

general public was most favourably disposed toward Weber. Since Beethoven's 'Fidelio,' only feeble, unmeaning works had been produced in Germany, with the single exception of Spohr's 'Faust,' 'Zemire' and 'Azor,' though replete with beauties, never achieved a popular success.

"The subject also of the new opera was well chosen, for the reason that it was thoroughly German.

"To hear a more perfect execution of the overture than on that memorable evening would be difficult. Though he conducted with a very small baton, and seemed only to indicate the change of time or the lights and shades of his noble composition, Weber had nevertheless the most perfect control over his band. The marvellous effect of his scoring, the contrasts between the soothing calm of the introduction and the gloom and awe of the unearthly element which interrupts it, the fire of the allegro, the charm of that heavenly melody which once heard can never be forgotten, the irresistible climax at the end—found worthy interpreters in the Berlin orchestra. The breathless silence which prevailed during the performance was followed by such a storm of applause as I have never heard since. It was useless to resist popular clamour, and the overture on being repeated—played even better than at first—confirmed the success of this matchless composition.

"From that moment until the termination of the opera the attention of the audience was riveted, and the enthusiasm unbounded. What we felt when, crowned with his well-earned laurels, Weber entered the box, cannot be described. To think that within five years Weber should have died of a broken heart in a foreign country!

"That is too often the fate of genius, Sir Julius. Brains mean martyrdom. And the poor fellow had to endure denunciation of the critics."

"Yes, the profound and genuine enthusiasm of the public was not shared by the press of the day. Zelter, in writing to Goethe, treated the subject with derision, and finished by saying that out of a small nothing the composer had created a colossal nothing.

"Tieck spoke of the 'Freischütz' as the most unmusical uproar ever heard upon the stage. Spohr wrote, 'As I never had a great opinion of Weber's talents as a composer, I wanted to hear this opera to discover the secret of its wonderful success; but this riddle was by no means solved, and I can only explain it by the gift possessed by Weber to write for the general masses.'

"Weber resented the sting of those harsh and ungenerous criticisms very much. He had been working earnestly and enthusiastically for what he considered a real advance in art, and it was painful to him in the extreme to be so entirely misunderstood, chiefly by those on whose sympathy and encouragement he had reckoned so much. He had observed, in his long career as conductor, that the form of operas sanctioned for so many years did not entirely answer the requirements of the age. Each piece in the lyric drama, belonging to the Italian *répertoire*, whether an aria, a duet, or a morceau d'ensemble, was perfect in itself as a musical composition, but cloyed by sameness. There was no attempt at individuality. Not so with Weber. His first aim was to endow each of his operatic works with a distinct colour of nationality. For instance, the contrasts between the simple 'Hunter's Bride' with her surroundings and 'Euryanthe' with the stately French Court, could not be more striking. But he was not satisfied with this general result. He made each character stand out in

bold relief. The foundation of the romantic school will always be associated with his memory. Meyerbeer's 'Robert le Diable' would not have been written but for 'Freischütz,' and Wagner's 'Tannhäuser' and 'Lohengrin' can be traced to 'Euryanthe.' In his pianoforte sonatas Weber comes nearest to Beethoven; in his masses he approaches Haydn, and his 'Concertstück' is as it were a pioneer of Mendelssohn's concertos. He may also with Schubert be called the father of the German Lied, and thus, in his short but glorious career, embracing almost every branch of music, he gave impulse to his art, of which the beneficial consequences can never be overrated."

"Then you think, Sir Julius, that Weber is the father of Wagner?"

"I do most unquestionably. There is no doubting Wagner's genius, however adverse criticism may be; and every musician should be grateful to Wagner for having done for art what has never been done before. Think how great musicians have been humiliated in the past—Weber, for example—and then go to Baireuth, as I did, and see crowned heads making a pilgrimage to the shrine of a composer! The Emperor of Germany, who goes to sleep over music, travels twenty-four hours to be present at the first night of the 'Trilogy.' It is an epoch in the history of music, and I for one rejoice at it. Look at Wagner, a king at Baireuth, and then think of Beethoven!"

"Did you ever meet Beethoven, Sir Julius?"

"Yes, at Vienna. Everything had been done to foster a hostile feeling between him and Weber, but the mighty Ludwig was above small talk and gossip. We had heard from Wilhelm Schroeder—afterwards the celebrated Schroeder-Devrient—with how much care, devotion, and energy Weber had produced 'Fidelio' in the summer of 1822, and how deep and lasting the impression of his masterpiece was on the Dresden public. He had been in active correspondence with the Saxon Kapellmeister himself, and to my great joy and surprise, when I met him one morning at his publishers, Beethoven actually condescended to speak with me on the subject. I can see him now, with his grand brow and thick iron-grey hair encircling it in most picturesque disorder, with that square lion's nose, that broad chin and noble soft mouth. Over his cheeks, seamed with scars of small-pox, there spread a high colour. From under the bushy, closely-compressed eyebrows flashed a pair of piercing eyes, and his thickset Cyclopean figure told of a powerful frame. He approached me with his inseparable tablet in his hand, and began speaking with his usual brusqueness. 'You are Weber's pupil?' I gave an affirmative nod. 'Why doesn't he come to see me? Tell him to come to Baden with friend Wastinger,' pointing to his publisher's partner. Asking for the master's tablet, I wrote on it, 'May I come too?' Beethoven replied, smiling, 'Yes, little saucy fellow.' So, having duly announced his visit, Weber with Wastinger and myself drove out on the 5th October to Baden, near Vienna, where the old lion was wont till late in the autumn to have his den. We all felt strangely moved on entering the great man's poor desolate-looking room. Everything was in appalling disorder—music, money, clothing on the floor, the bed unmade, broken cups upon the table, the open pianoforte with scarcely any strings left, and covered with dust, while Beethoven himself was wrapped in a shabby dressing-gown. He recognised Weber at once, and embracing him, shouted, 'There you are, you devil of a fellow.' Handing Weber the tablet, Beethoven pushed a heap of music from the old piano, threw himself on it,

and during the conversation commenced dressing to go out with us. He began with a string of complaints about his position—the public, the theatres, the Italians, and especially about his ungrateful nephew. Touched by this tale of woe, Weber advised him to leave Vienna and go to Germany and England, where his works were appreciated. 'Too late,' cried Beethoven, pointing to his ear, and shaking his head sadly; then he seized Weber's arm and dragged him away to the hotel where he used to take his meals. After a long and most interesting conversation, referring to the highest questions of art, the time came for departure. Again and again Beethoven embraced Weber, and it was long before the latter would loose his thin delicate hand from the grasp of the mighty fist. 'Success to your new opera! If I can, I will come on the first night,' were his last words. That memory is precious; and, do you know, I was a friend of Paganini, another great genius, misunderstood by many."

"Pray, where did you know him, Sir Julius?"

"In Italy. He was a wonderful fellow, and some called him the devil. He was even imprisoned and had his violin taken away from him, because he was supposed to be such a dangerous character. One day, a great lady in Rome said to him, 'Signor Paganini, I understand that you can execute an air on one string of your violin.' 'Madame, you have heard the truth,' replied the great virtuoso. 'Will you allow me and my friends to hear you?' 'Certainly.' So the lady gave a reception at which Paganini was invited to perform his violin trick. After actually playing the prayer from Rossini's 'Moses in Egypt' on one string, Paganini was thanked by his hostess, who said: 'Now, Signor, as you do wonders on one string, can you perform on no string at all?' 'Most assuredly.' 'Will you for me?' 'With pleasure.' A day was set, the lady invited a number of friends to assist at the miracle, and when all were assembled, Paganini failed to appear. News came soon after that he had that day left Rome. This was his performance without any string, and his retort to the social queen who had treated him as a mountebank rather than as an artist. Poor fellow! he wasted away before death. In fact, the hundred steps he daily mounted to his palace at Genoa were enough to kill a man in his state of health. His body lay in the palace seven weeks after death, because the clergy refused to allow it Christian burial. In his last moments, Paganini had not received absolution, and this was the punishment. I believe that eventually the body was taken out of Italy for burial."

"The world has grown more charitable since then, Sir Julius, and I really think the time is not far distant when to be a great artist will be as glorious a distinction as to be a great warrior or a great statesman."

"It ought to be so, my young friend, and certainly Wagner makes me believe a great social revolution possible; but it won't come in my time; perhaps it may come in yours."

And thus a charming visit ended.

THE municipality of the little Austrian town of Oberdöbling, desirous of perpetuating the memory of the sojourns made in their town by Beethoven and Lanner, have caused two commemorative tablets to be prepared. The first will be placed on the façade of No. 214 Gymnasiumstrasse, and bears the inscription, "Lanner lived in this house and died there, April 14, 1849." The other will ornament the building known as the "Binderhaus," and on it may be read these words: "Here stood the house in which Beethoven composed his 'Eroica' Symphony."

Verdi and Wagner.

VERDI AND WAGNER are the two names which would first come to one's lips if asked who were the writers for the stage in this our century who had attracted the most attention and who had acquired the greatest fame. "Les Huguenots," "Faust," "Carmen" sufficed to render Meyerbeer, Gounod, Bizet illustrious, and it may be said, that, in its way, each of these operas has met with a success as great as that of any of Verdi's or Wagner's works. But what makes the names of these two men stand out so prominently is the length of their artistic career, the number of their masterpieces, and their ever-growing reputation. An admirer of either would not be able in one word to do justice to his hero: at least half-a-dozen works would have to be mentioned.

Now, as Verdi and Wagner were actually born in the same year, it may not prove uninteresting to our readers briefly to compare their lives—to note points of difference and points of resemblance. It is the outward rather than the inner life which will form the subject-matter. Verdi in his later years has perhaps been influenced to some extent by the art theories of Wagner, but direct comparison—owing to the radical differences of style—would be impracticable. We only wish to watch the two climbing at the same time, though by different paths, the hill of fame.

As children they were both precocious, and as young men they were both diligent,—Verdi studying the mysteries of counterpoint, canon, and fugue under Lavigna, and Wagner under Weinlig.

In the spring of 1839 Verdi's first opera, "Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio," was produced at Milan. At that time Wagner was hard at work at his "Rienzi." The success of "Oberto" was sufficiently great to induce Merelli, the impresario of La Scala, to commission the young composer to write three operas, one every eight months, for which he was to be paid 4000 livres (£134 for each opera). But in the following year his comic opera "Un Giorno di Regno" proved a dismal failure, and, despairing of finding any comfort in his art, Verdi resolved to give up composition. The fates had indeed proved adverse; for while working at his opera his young wife and two children died after a few days' illness. Verdi in his autobiography says:—"My family had been destroyed; and in the very midst of these trials I had to fulfil my engagement, and write a comic opera!"

The composer, however, took once more to his pen, and in 1842 "Nabucco" was given at Milan. In the same year, six months later, Wagner's "Rienzi" was brought out at Dresden. Both works were successful.

In the following year (1843) Wagner conducted the first performance of his "Flying Dutchman" at Dresden, and about five weeks later Verdi's "I Lombardi" was given at Milan. Again fortune favoured both composers. The plot of Verdi's opera gave offence to the Archbishop of Milan, and Verdi was requested by Torresani, chief of the police, to make certain alterations. "I am satisfied with the opera as it is," replied the composer, "and will not change a word or a note of it. It shall be given as it is, or not at all." This reply reminds us of Wagner's request to Liszt

that his "Lohengrin" should be given at Weimar "as it is, without any omissions."

Verdi wrote "Ernani" for the Fenice Theatre at Venice, and it was produced there with most brilliant results in 1844. During the following nine months it was given on no less than fifteen different stages. "Tannhäuser" first saw the light at Dresden in 1845, but was coldly received. "You are a man of genius," said the famous Mme. Devrient to him, "but you write such eccentric stuff, it is hardly possible to sing it." But if Wagner's work was coldly received by the public, men like Liszt, Spohr, and Schumann took interest in it.

Verdi continued to write operas, but it was not until 1851 that he produced the first of the three operas which have gained for him world-wide celebrity. "Rigoletto" came out at Venice in 1851, "Il Trovatore" at Rome on January 19, 1853, and "La Traviata" at Venice on March 6 of the same year. The success of the first two was immediate, but "La Traviata"—to quote the words of M. Arthur Pougin, the excellent biographer of the composer—"made at its appearance a brilliant fiasco." But the performance was a bad one. On the next morning Verdi wrote as follows to one of his best friends:—

"DEAR EMANUELE, 'La Traviata' last night a failure. Was the fault mine or the singers'? Time will decide."

And Time very soon did decide, for a year later the opera succeeded at Venice, and soon made the tour of Italy and of the whole of Europe.

But let us turn to Wagner, and see what he accomplished. He had to leave Dresden in 1849, and went to live at Zurich. In 1850 the opera of "Lohengrin" was produced under Liszt's direction at Weimar. This work did not win and conquer as speedily as those of Verdi just mentioned, but now it vies with them in popularity. While Verdi was making the world ring with his fame, Wagner was hard at work at his "Ring of the Nibelung." About a fortnight before "La Traviata" was brought out at Rome, Liszt writes to Wagner that his poem of the "Ring" has reached Weimar, and that the reading of it caused great enthusiasm among his friends. It was not until 1865 that any new work of Wagner's was performed, and then it was not the "Ring," but "Tristan und Isolde," which was given at Munich. Three years later "Die Meistersinger" came out in the same city under Dr. Bülow's direction. From 1854 to 1871 Verdi produced several operas. "I Vespri Siciliani" (1855) met with only moderate success; "Simon Boccanegra" (1857) was a total failure; he retrieved his fortune in 1859 with "Un Ballo in Maschera;" but "La Forza del Destino" (1862) fared moderately, and the success of "Don Carlos" (1867) was not brilliant. It was not until 1871 that "Aida," generally considered the composer's masterpiece, was produced at Cairo.

Five years later the "Ring of the Nibelungen" was brought out at Baireuth (1876), and six years after that "Parsifal." During all that time Verdi was silent. In 1883 Wagner died at Venice, the scene of so many of Verdi's triumphs. Four years later "Otello" was given at Milan (February 6, 1887).

Widely different as were the aims and efforts of these two composers, it is impossible not to admire the confidence and steady perseverance of both. Their names are not often placed side by side, but it is to be hoped that this rapid glance at their art-lives may not prove wholly uninteresting or unprofitable. Verdi still lives, but at his advanced age it is more than doubtful whether he will have the courage and strength to write any more operas.

Miss Blanche Roosevelt, when she visited the composer in 1887, after the production of "Otello," announced her intention to be present at his next great triumph. "Au revoir," said the maestro, smiling; and then added mysteriously "Another opera? Mademoiselle, connaissez-vous mon acte de naissance."

Shakespearian Music.

LAETLY there appeared in these columns an article on "Shakespeare the Musician," and passages were quoted from the poet's works to illustrate his knowledge of, and love for, the art of music. It seems natural, then, to follow this up by some account of the music connected with his plays, and of the general influence which he has exercised over composers.

With regard to the title heading this article, the first question that one would feel disposed to ask is—What music was used in Shakespeare's time? And let us distinguish between instrumental and vocal music. One has only to recall the speech of the Duke in the opening scene of "Twelfth Night," beginning—

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.

the "Hautboys play" in the play scene in the third act of "Hamlet;" the "music and a song" in the witches scene of "Macbeth," Act 4; the "solemn music playing" when Ariel enters invisible in "The Tempest;" or the "sad and solemn music" in the dying scene of Queen Katherine in "King Henry VIII.," to feel sure that instrumental music was a special feature at the performances of plays during the lifetime of Shakespeare.

Malone, in his *Historical Account of the English Stage*, says:—Before the exhibition began, three flourishes played, or, in the ancient language, there were three soundings. In Notes from Black-fryars by H. Fitz-Jeffrey, 1617, we find—

Come, let's bethink ourselves, what may be found
To deceive time with, till the second sound.

Music was likewise played between the acts. (Malone mentions a copy of "Romeo and Juliet," 1599, in which directions are given in the margin for music to be played between each act. These marginal directions appear, he says, to be of a very old date.) "The instruments chiefly used were trumpets, cornets, hautboys, lutes, recorders, viols, and organs. The band, which, I believe, did not consist of more than eight or ten performers, sat (as I have been told by a very ancient stage veteran, who had his information from Bowman, the contemporary of Betterton) in an upper balcony, over what is now called the stage-box." Further, we learn from Malone, that the musicians in Shakespeare's time had to pay the Master of the Revels an annual fee for a licence to play in the theatre. It was after the Restoration that the orchestra took the place between the stage and the pit.

Orazio Busino, in his account of the Venetian Embassy to the Court of James I., says:—"We saw a tragedy at the Fortune Theatre, which diverted me very little, especially as I cannot understand a word of English, though some little amusement may be derived from gazing at the very costly dresses of the actors, and

from the various interludes of instrumental music, and dancing and singing."

In Lord Buckhurst's tragedy of "Gorbuduc," or "Ferrex and Porrex," written in 1561, three years before the birth of Shakespeare, are the following indications—

First, the music of violins.

Second Act. The music of cornets.

Third Act. The music of flutes.

Fourth Act. The music of hautbois.

Fifth Act. Drums and flutes.

Before further investigation, a word or two may be said about some of the instruments already mentioned. In the time of Elizabeth and of James I., the lute was the favourite chamber-instrument: it had strings with a long neck and fretted fingerboard.* The cornet was not a brass instrument such as one hears frequently in the streets at the present day, but a pipe of ivory or of wood. In Ben Jonson's "Masque of Neptune's Triumph" the instruments employed were five lutes and three cornets. At the Restoration, cornets supplied the deficiency of boys' voices in the cathedral service. The base cornet was of serpentine form, and from four to five feet in length. Viol is the generic name of bowed instruments which preceded the violin. It had five, six, or seven strings. There were viols of different sizes—treble or discant, tenor, bass,† and double-bass. The recorder is an obsolete instrument of the flute family. They were of various sizes. In the catalogue of instruments left by Henry VIII., mention is made of "recorders of box, oak, and ivory, great and small, two bass recorders of walnut, and one great bass recorder."

Come, some music! come, the recorders!

says Hamlet, Act iii. Scene 2.

And in reference to the smaller kind of recorder (possibly more like a flageolet than a flute), we read in "Midsummer-Night's Dream," v. 1—

Indeed, he hath played on his prologue, like a child on a recorder.

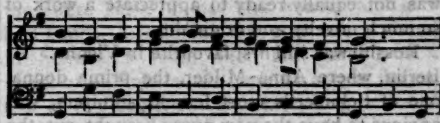
The actual instrumental music performed during the plays in Shakespeare's time is not known. To form some idea of what it was like one must look to the kind in vogue at that time. *Consorts* "of three, four, five, and six parts, made properly for instruments, of which Fancies are the chief," are mentioned by Simpson in his *Compendium*. But Burney, speaking of an old collection of *fancies* in his possession, says, "The style would appear now very dry and *fanciless*, in spite of the general title of these pieces." Burney's "now" is just one hundred years old, so that to us they would probably appear still more devoid of fancy.

There are two pieces of music printed in Chappell's *Music of the Olden Time*, which are as old as Shakespeare's time, and perhaps older. The one is a Gaillarde Anglaise, "Sweet Margaret," published in a collection of pieces for lute at Amsterdam in 1615, which gives a specimen both of slow and quick music. It commences in slow time thus:—

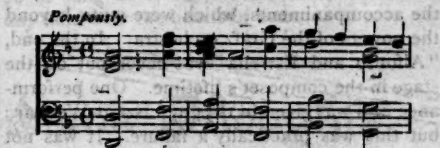
* Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bowed her head to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
"Frets, call you these?" quoth she: "I'll fume
with them."

Tam. of S. ii. 1.

† He that went, like a base-viol, in a case of leather.
Com. of E. iv. 3.



The other is the favourite old dance tune, "Mall Sims." It is in the so-called Queen Elizabeth Virginal Book, in Morley's Consort Lessons, 1599 and 1611, and other old collections. It commences—



But we may be pretty sure that, when in "Romeo and Juliet" Peter says—

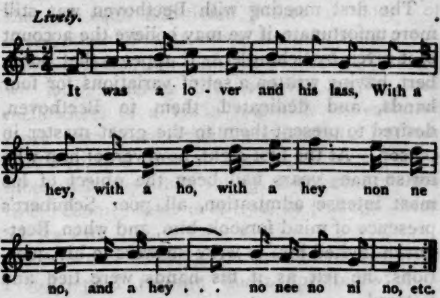
Musicians, O musicians, Heart's-ease, Heart's-ease:
O, an you will have me live, play Heart's-ease,

the band struck up the tune of that name which was known before Shakespeare's time.

Now, with regard to vocal music, it is impossible to make any positive assertion. Yet in several cases it does seem as if the actual music used in the time of Shakespeare had been preserved. Take for example—

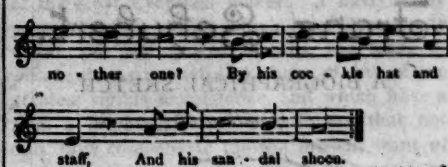
It was a lover and his lasse,

in "As You Like It." In an old MS. (now in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh) on which is the name of a former proprietor, William Stirling, together with the date, May 1639, is a setting of this song—

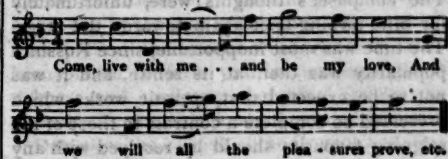


It may be mentioned that this MS. contains many old songs—among others "Farewell, dear love," quoted in "Twelfth Night," with music by Robert Jones from a book published in 1601. The fragments of ancient ballads quoted by Ophelia in the 4th act of "Hamlet" are sung to music, supposed, as C. Knight carefully says, "to be the same or nearly so that was used in Shakespeare's time, and thence transmitted to us by tradition." When Drury Lane was destroyed by fire in 1812, the music library shared the fate of the building. Dr. Arnold, however, noted down the airs from Mrs. Jordan's recollection. Here is one of these fragments. The "same or nearly so" must not be forgotten. This is taken from Knight's Shakespeare, but we believe Arnold wrote it down in 3-4 time.

How should I your true love know?



Sir John Hawkins, a *propos* of the lines from Marlowe's song, "Come, live with me, and be my love," quoted in "Merry Wives of Windsor," says—"The tune to which these lines were sung I have discovered in a MS. as old as Shakespeare's time." Here is the commencement:—

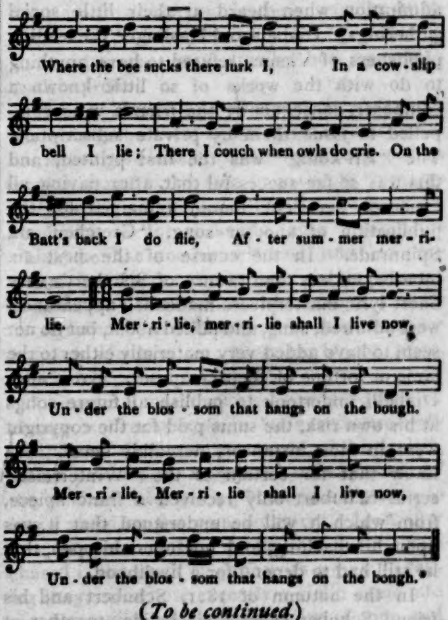


Desdemona's song, "Oh! Willow, Willow," in "Othello," is contained in a MS. volume of songs (British Museum, Add. MSS., 15,117), supposed by Mr. Oliphant, who catalogued the musical MSS., to have been copied about the year 1600. But the music is in Thomas Dallis's MS. Lute-book, with the title "All a Greane Willow," and that book, dated 1583, is now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

Once more, Autolycus in "A Winter's Tale" must have sung—

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
to a very old tune of that name.

And Julia in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" must have sung to "Light o' Love" a tune already printed in 1570. Lastly, it is known that the Robert Jones mentioned above wrote music to "The Tempest" in 1617, and of which two songs, "Full fathom five," and "Where the bee sucks," have been preserved. The second one is as follows:—



(To be continued.)

THE new keeper of the archives at the Naples Conservatoire, Signor Rocco Pagliara, has lost no time in adding to the treasures already preserved at San Pietro à Majella. He has begun by enriching this splendid musical museum with a unique relic, namely, the desk at which Rossini wrote "Semiramide." Two autograph inscriptions attest the authenticity of the desk.

* We give this arranged for three voices in the Supplement.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

(Continued.)

AFTER his return to his beloved Vienna in the autumn of 1818, Schubert was still engaged to give music lessons to the Esterhazy children, and all his spare time was divided between composition and those little social pleasures which are as the breath of life to every true-born Viennese. The composer's thoughts were, unfortunately for him, turning once again towards the stage. The time was most inopportune, since Rossini's popularity was then at its zenith, and it was not to be expected that operatic works which presented so complete a contrast to those of the reigning favourite should be received with any enthusiasm by the general public. Schubert's ready acceptance of any trash in the shape of a libretto that was offered him, put another stumbling-block in his path towards success. A little operetta called "Die Zwillingsbrüder," the libretto of which was adapted from the French by Hofmann, and the music composed by Schubert, was brought out at the Kärnthner Theatre in June 1820, but, owing chiefly to the weakness of the plot, only survived six representations.

The manager of the An-der Wien Theatre had also commissioned Schubert to set a libretto called "Die Zauberharfe," and this was brought out in August of the same year with rather more success than its predecessor. The piece was, however, merely a melodrama, interspersed with songs and choruses, and cannot, therefore, be included among the composer's operatic works.

It was not until 1821, when Schubert was twenty-five years of age, that the not unnatural idea occurred to some of his friends of attempting to publish a selection of those songs which always called forth so much delight and admiration when heard at their little social gatherings. Diabelli and Haslinger, the leading publishers of Vienna, refused to have anything to do with the works of so little known a composer, consequently the friends were compelled to issue them by private subscription. The "Erl-könig" was the first printed, and this was so far successful that, after paying all expenses, sufficient money remained for the publication of another song, "Gretchen am Spinnrade." In the course of the next six months, no less than twenty of Schubert's very finest lyric masterpieces made their appearance, were admired, sung, and talked about, but do not seem to have added very materially either to the fame or fortune of their composer. Even after Diabelli undertook to publish all future songs at his own risk, the sums paid for the copyright were, in most instances, incredibly small. We know that for certain of the "Winterreise" series Schubert only received a franc apiece, from which it will be understood that it was upon his teaching, and not upon his pen, that he still had to depend for a livelihood.

In the autumn of 1821, Schubert and his friend Schober spent their holiday together at the village of Ochsenburg, in Styria. Here, although they entered with the keenest zest into all the festivities of the country-side, many of which were given in their honour, they were by no means idle. On the contrary, it was here that the two friends conceived the idea, which they instantly proceeded to put into practice, of writing a grand opera which should be their joint-work, Schober, of course, supplying the libretto, and Schubert the music. Before

their return to Vienna the first two acts of "Alfonzo and Estrella," now known as the first of Schubert's two most important dramatic works, were finished, and early in the following year the whole was ready for production. Unfortunately, the operatic world of that day was not equally ready to appreciate a work of so much novelty and originality.

Rossini was still first favourite in Vienna. At Berlin, where Anna Milder, the prima donna, one of Schubert's most fervent admirers, was anxious to have the new opera brought out, the libretto was held to be so unsuited to the taste of the people as to preclude all chance of success. At Gratz, the year before Schubert's death, an earnest attempt was made to produce the work, but after a few rehearsals the idea had to be abandoned, owing to the difficulty of the accompaniments, which were quite beyond the powers of the Gratz orchestra. In the end, "Alfonzo and Estrella" was never put on the stage in the composer's lifetime. One performance of it was given in 1854 by Liszt at Weimar; but this was practically a failure. It was not until 1881 that the opera was again represented; this time the performance took place at Carlsruhe, when, thanks to the libretto having been re-written and much curtailed, this long-neglected work achieved a genuine success.

The year 1822 was rendered an eventful one in Schubert's life by the fact that in it he made the acquaintance of his two greatest contemporaries, Beethoven and Weber. Neither meeting was altogether auspicious. Weber, who had come to Vienna to superintend the first performances of "Euryanthe," was annoyed by hearing that Schubert had criticised the work unfavourably, and retaliated by remarking, *à propos* of "Alfonzo and Estrella," that the first puppets and the first operas should be drowned. In spite of this little skirmish, the two seem to have remained on fairly friendly terms, and, later, Weber expressed his willingness to give a performance of Schubert's opera at Dresden, which, for some unknown reason, never came to pass.

The first meeting with Beethoven was still more unfortunate, if we may believe the account of it given by Schindler. It appears that Schubert, having written a set of variations for four hands, and dedicated them to Beethoven, desired to present them to the great master in person. At the first sight, however, of him who for so many years had been the object of his most intense admiration, all poor Schubert's presence of mind forsook him, and when Beethoven invited him to write answers to his questions, he felt as if his hands were tied and fettered.

"Beethoven," relates Schindler, "ran through the presentation copy, and stumbled on some inaccuracy of harmony. He then, in the kindest manner, drew the young man's attention to the fault, adding that it was no deadly sin. Meantime the result of this remark was to utterly disconcert the nervous visitor. It was not until he got outside the house that Schubert recovered his equanimity, and rebuked himself unsparingly. This was his first and last meeting with Beethoven, for he never had the courage to face him again."

The year 1823 was an extraordinarily productive one. Schubert's thoughts were again turned towards that irresistible magnet—opera, and this time with good reason. Barbaja, the director of the Court Theatre, had commissioned him to set a libretto by Kupelwieser called "Fierrabras." The opera, which consisted of three acts, was quickly completed, but the composer's hopes were as quickly dashed to the ground by the curt rejection of the work on account of the bad libretto. Nothing daunted,

however, by this crushing failure, Schubert at once set to work upon a new libretto called "Rosamunde" by that dreariest of all operatic bookmakers, Madame von Chezy, the authoress of "Euryanthe." The ten numbers of this piece are said to have been composed in five days. Exquisite as the music is, the work, which was brought out at the Theatre An-der Wien, was no more fortunate than Schubert's other stage compositions, for it only survived its second representation. The parts were then laid aside and forgotten for more than forty years, when, in 1867, they were rediscovered and given to a more discerning world.

In spite of the hard work entailed by the composition of two operas, Schubert found time to write an operetta, "Der hässliche Krieg," which was never performed in his lifetime, and, last but not least, the beautiful and ever-popular song-cycle of the "Schöne Müllerin."

Under the circumstances, it is scarcely to be wondered at that the letters and diaries of the year 1824 are marked by a strain of deep melancholy and depression. Schubert was now twenty-eight years old; he had laboured unceasingly from early boyhood, and produced an almost incredible number of fine works, and now when he began to look for some return from his labours, he found himself still in poverty and comparative obscurity. A long stay with the Esterhazys during the spring and summer of this year did not tend to raise his spirits. Talented as his employers were, and kindly as they treated him, Schubert never seems to have felt at home in their society, but bitterly missed the gay little reunions at the Viennese Gasthaus, and the triumphal progress to which he was accustomed when on a holiday tour with his friends Vogl or Schober. We hear of no more operatic attempts at this time, and but few songs. On the other hand, there are some important instrumental compositions, such as the famous octet, some string quartets, and several pianoforte pieces.

On his return to Vienna, Schubert seems to have thrown off his depression, and to have entered as heartily as ever into all the delights of Viennese Bohemia. A long summer holiday spent in the company of Vogl, amid the lovely scenery of Upper Austria and the society of admiring friends, old and new, was, judging by his letters, a period of perfect enjoyment. Although Schubert had little technique and Vogl little voice, their joint performances of the former's songs positively electrified their hearers. The songs from the "Lady of the Lake," which were due to this time, created much enthusiasm among the musical circles of Steyr, Salzburg, and Gastein, the "Ave Maria," in particular, making a profound impression.

In the autumn of 1825 the Court organist died, and Schubert was urged by his friends to apply for the post. At that time, however, having a little money in hand from the sale of his "Lady of the Lake" songs, he felt no inclination to exchange his happy-go-lucky hand-to-mouth mode of existence for the gilded chains of a Court appointment. It is probable that, in any case, a post which required regular methodical habits could hardly have been filled by Schubert to his own satisfaction or to that of his employers.

The year 1826 was passed entirely in Vienna. To it are due a long list of fine compositions, including the famous Rondeau Brillante for piano and violin, two string quartets, the Shakespearean songs, and the first part of the Winterreise Cycle. The Symphony in C was also finished, and dedicated to the Musik Verein, from which Schubert received a letter of thanks and a hundred florins as a token of gratitude

and esteem. Although publication was going on briskly, money seems to have been as scarce as ever at this time. We hear of Schubert and a friend each detecting the other in ordering coffee and biscuits at a restaurant, because neither had the money to pay for dinner! Schubert's health was now beginning to suffer from the combination of hard work, late hours, and incessant racket in which his life was spent. It was probably in consequence of this fact that he yielded to the wishes of his friends, and applied first for the post of Vice-kapellmeister in the Imperial Court, which, however, was obtained by Weigl, and, a little later, for that of conductor at the Kärnthnertheater.

In this second attempt Schubert was very nearly successful. His appointment was only to depend upon a test composition of some operatic scenes put together for the purpose. As may be imagined, Schubert found no difficulty in executing his share of the task; unfortunately, Schuchner, the prima donna, to whom the chief part was allotted, found herself quite unable to get through the principal air, or to make her voice heard above the orchestral accompaniments. In vain Schubert was urged to modify the difficulties of the part. He obstinately refused to alter a single note, and in the end the negotiations fell through.

The year 1827 was not an eventful one, and with the exception of the Winterreise songs, the compositions were not of the first importance. A short holiday spent with his friends the Pachlers at Gratz, was the only change that Schubert enjoyed. In spite of his failing health, the last year of his life must have been one of almost incessant activity. The Ninth Symphony, his only oratorio, "Miriam's Siegesgesang," his grandest mass, the immortal "Schwanengesang," these are but a few of the compositions which were poured forth with the most extraordinary rapidity. It seems probable that, had his life been spared, the year 1828 would have formed a turning-point in his career. A study of some of the MS. scores of Handel's and Beethoven's works aroused in him a feeling of dissatisfaction with his own method of composition. He decided to enter upon a course of hard study, under Sechter, the great authority upon counterpoint, and also announced his intention of devoting himself to opera and symphony, instead of songs and short pieces.

In March, Schubert, yielding to the earnest entreaties of his friends, consented to give a concert, the programme of which consisted entirely of his own works. It is pleasant to know that this, his first and last concert, was a complete success. The hall was crowded, and the enormous (!) sum of £32 was realized. The composer writes shortly afterwards that money with him "is as plentiful as blackberries." This prosperous state of things did not, however, continue long. Although he received several hearty invitations to revisit his beloved Upper Austria, and although his health would, no doubt, have materially benefited from the change, Schubert was obliged, owing to the state of his finances, to spend the summer in Vienna, his only change being a move into a newly-built house nearer the boundaries of the town.

It is little wonder that, as the autumn wore on, we hear of headaches, attacks of giddiness, and other unfavourable symptoms. On November 11, increasing weakness obliged him to take to his bed, and, a few days later, typhus having set in, he became delirious, and died on November 18, 1828. He was buried close to Beethoven, in the cemetery of Währing, whence the bodies of the two great composers have recently been removed to an *Ehrengrab* in the Central Cemetery of Vienna.

It was not until after his death that Schubert's career can be said virtually to have begun. The musical world, not only of Austria, but of Europe, gradually awoke to the fact that they had been, not entertaining, but neglecting a genius unawares, and, now that it was too late, they were eager to pay him honour and give him fame. Among the few poor effects found in Schubert's room after his death was a quantity of "old music" valued at ten florins. Out of this came, phoenix-like, a long series of glorious works, which took the world by storm. Surely no Ceresus ever left a more precious legacy than the poor composer, whose dusty pile of old music has been a source of unending delight and enjoyment to all succeeding generations of music-lovers, and will continue to be so as long as truth, beauty, and pathos have any hold over the hearts of men.

Some Thoughts about Violins.

MUCH is talked, much is written, about fiddles—those wonderful instruments which fascinate hundreds, thousands of people who cannot play on them, and who often know nothing of music. Numerous histories of the makers of fiddles in Brescia and Cremona have been written; and those clever and industrious men are alluded to as though they counted among the great benefactors of the human race.

The violins of the most successful of the Cremonese makers which have least suffered from the ravages of time command, at this day, prices which the makers would not have believed possible, and which certainly bear no ratio whatever to the intrinsic qualities of these violins as compared with others. It may be that as each additional "knot an hour" of speed attained in an ocean steamer costs much more in proportion than the preceding knot, so we may consider the superior quality and mellowness of a violin improves its value in more than geometrical progression; yet we may also bear in mind that a pear or a peach, more delicious when fully ripe than when half ripe, becomes later over-ripe, as perhaps these fiddles will.

I remember when £300 was the outside price usually paid for the finest specimens of a Cremona violin by the greatest masters; now £1000 is not an uncommon price. £1200 was paid for the violin presented to Joachim lately, and there are one or two now in the market likely to change hands ere long at £2000 and £2500.

Has the limit been reached? That question was often discussed when £300 was the highest price; and many people affirm that the same violins are now intrinsically worth as much less than they were then, as in reality they sell for more, because they have passed the period of maturity, and are approaching over-ripeness.

What constitutes the beauty of a violin? Perfect symmetry of structure on the lines or models perfected by Stradivarius and Joseph Guarnerius,—perfect suitability of the wood for all parts of the instrument, perfect workmanship in all the details and beautiful varnish, perfect preservation without crack or flaw in the wood. If that be all, surely it is reasonable to suppose that violins can be made which in all essential qualities are in every respect, but that of mellowness arising from age, as good as those

of the great Cremona makers. I have in my possession two violins which have been made within the last twelve months, the tones of which are as powerful as those of any of the greatest violins in existence, and which have a ring, a brightness, and a freshness that not only fully compensate for the present want of mellowness, but in fact render them superior to these for the performance of great solos in a large concert room.

The skilful maker of these violins, having carefully copied the finest models extant with carefully selected very old wood, and made the violins with even neater workmanship than the originals, sees no reason why the result should not be as satisfactory; and his theory is quite borne out by the two fiddles in question, which from present indications will, after they have been played on for a year or two longer, have softness and mellowness of tone besides the undoubtedly superior power they now possess.

Doubtless the varnish of the Cremona makers was wonderfully beautiful, but it has been successfully imitated in many instances; and I think the secret of its beauty is more in the way it was put on than in the material itself.

The high price of genuine Cremona violins is largely due to the mania for collecting them, of which dealers have, of course (and no blame to them), taken advantage. And these collectors have fulfilled their mission by withdrawing from daily use the finest specimens of old violins, which would otherwise have been broken, injured, and lost, by constant use and by passing from hand to hand.

Another useful purpose these collectors have is to keep record of the authenticity of certain old instruments, and thereby maintaining the reputation of the dealers as connoisseurs, who, infallible judges as they naturally like to be thought, have their judgment made easy in the case of an instrument which can be traced through a few hands to the maker.

No doubt there are many excellent judges of violins, as there are of pictures, porcelains, laces, or other old articles of bric-à-brac; but they are far from infallible, and in their oracular utterances make many blunders, which operate in some instances very cruelly, and by which dealers profit.

Thus it is often said of one of these dealers, whose large business and long experience could not fail to give him a certain judgment (and as a result, cause his opinion to be sought by everybody having a Cremona violin), that he generally condemns as not authentic those instruments which he has not himself sold, and his condemnation practically makes an instrument unsaleable. The real intrinsic value of a fiddle as signified by the beauty of its tone, is of no account whatever in reference to its price, which depends on *who made it*.

Last year a gentleman in London bought by chance a Cremona violin for a comparatively small sum. It was shown to most of the dealers, who all denied its authenticity, and "chaffed" the gentleman for having been so simple as to buy a violin on his own judgment. Soon after this, however, another dealer saw it, and purchased it at a profit of £100, with a view to selling it again. Quite recently a violin came into my possession which, for quality of tone and beauty of make, model and varnish, was as fine a violin as I have ever seen, regarding which no two judges pronounced the same opinion as to the maker, and which was sold for £50.

Of old Cremona violins a large proportion which possess the sweetest, most mellow, and lovely tones, delightful in a drawing-room, for sonata or quartette, entirely lack brilliancy,—they are effete, and, to use fiddlers' slang, have "nothing to pull at,"—they do not improve from

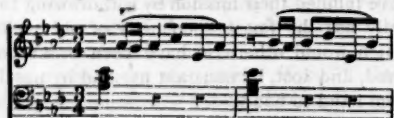
year to year, are not fit for concerto playing, and are not worth the prices paid for them. The greatest violins are becoming so scarce and rare, that their appropriate place is the collector's closet, for they are by no means better than other fiddles in relation to the fancy prices they now fetch. The fiddle of the future is to be made now, copies of the Stradivarius and Joseph Guernarius instruments which have not been improved on, but specimens of which are not immortal. I think the limit of their price has been reached, and I look to modern copyists to make equally good violins. V. B.

Rubinstein's Reading of Bach.

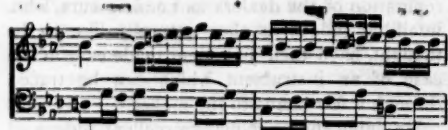
CHAPTER IV.—continued.

OVER the Prelude in A flat, No. 16, Rubinstein, Bülow, and Czerny are much more at harmony in their ideas.

All three play it very *legato*. *Moderato in tempo* phrasing as follows:—



marking well the passage in semiquaver, bars ten to seventeen, phrasing the bars as below:—



and ending *forte*.

The Fugue, however, is a bone of contention, Rubinstein playing it *moderato mezzo forte* and quite *legato*.

Bülow, however, reads it in quite another manner, and one which even for him must be allowed to be very original—



Whilst Czerny contents himself with making the first bar into one phrase as below—

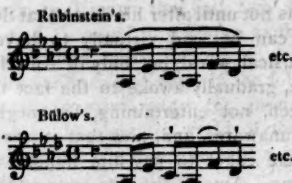


and writing *piano* and *sempre legato e pesante* underneath. He uses a *ritardando* in the two last bars, but this spoils the effect of the passage in semiquavers in the bass, as one quickly discovers after one hears Rubinstein and Bülow play it, that is *forte* and in strict *tempo*.

CHAPTER V.

THE Prelude in A flat, No. 17, is one of those which may be described as sprightly, Rubinstein taking it *allegro* and with the strictest attention to the rhythm, in fact quite a metronomic accuracy.

The Fugue he phrases as Czerny, playing it *andante*. I give below, first his phrasing, and that of Bülow—



The eighteenth Prelude in G sharp minor requires the utmost care when studying it. Rubinstein plays it *andante* and very quietly, making the soprano G sharp and F sharp in the second bar sing beautifully. At a first or indifferent reading they seem unimportant notes, so much so that most students are apt to pass them without the special attention they deserve; but as Rubinstein interprets these notes as well as the B sharp and A sharp of the next bar, even although it is an interpretation quite simple and natural, there is a world of significance and meaning in them. Extra care should also be taken by the student that at all times when the semiquaver passages occur he plays them with the proper rhythmical accent.

This entire Prelude, as Rubinstein says, is extremely difficult, and the meaning has to be sought out painfully during hours of patient study.

Czerny takes it *allegretto moderato*, and ends very *pianissimo*, Rubinstein ending *piano*, coming, however, to the climax, the *Tierce de Picardie*, very gently, and playing the soprano G in the last three bars, forming a tonic pedal, decisively.

The long passage in semiquavers which ends in the fifth bar from the end he makes quite remarkable by the roundness and brilliancy of tone which he employs for playing it.

He phrases the Fugue as follows:—



playing it in very marked *moderato* time. Czerny gives it as below—



The latter using many gradations in tone all through, Rubinstein contenting himself with playing the subject merely *forte* whenever it occurs.

The Prelude following in A major Rubinstein plays as follows:—



playing it *allegro*, and with a certain humour, thoroughly manly and robust. Czerny gives instead—

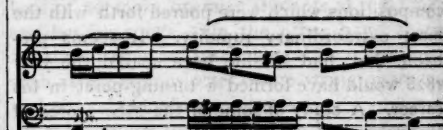


The run in semiquavers which occurs in the two last bars both Rubinstein and Czerny play identically—



The Fugue in A major belonging to this Prelude Rubinstein plays boldly and vigorously, using on the first note of the subject a double *forte* which he moderates in the phrase of five notes following into *forte*, Czerny here using *piano*; both take it *allegro moderato*.

The Prelude in A minor following, as Rubinstein plays it, is remarkable for not only humour, but vigorous humour, and he phrases it as follows:—

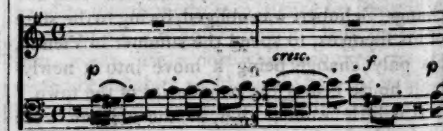


observing of course this same phrasing wherever the figure occurs. He takes it *allegro*, and at the sixth bar from the end he plays the semiquavers tremendously *forte*, and with a *sweep*, as one might say, that is splendid.

Czerny phrases each bar in one, using his never changing *ritardando* at the close. Rubinstein ends as he commences, with *forzando* on the last chord.

The Fugue belonging to this Prelude is one of the most splendid and most difficult in the whole collection. Rubinstein as well as Bülow and Czerny play it *andante*, the latter, however, placing *Maestoso ma con moto* after the *andante*. The whole composition seems to breathe forth that sturdy, independent, artistic spirit of Bach. Rubinstein's reading of this is superb—in fact, one might more truly say extraordinary.

Czerny, crazed as one might think over his invariable staccato, phrases as follows:—



thereby—at least once Rubinstein's method is known—completely spoiling the broad beauty of the subject.

Rubinstein gives instead—



playing it with his own magical roundness and beauty of touch, whilst from bar eighty on to the end he uses his whole strength, a startling *forte* being the result.

The tonic pedal, which commences bar eighty-four-five, an impossible effect on our modern grands, if one follows the notes exactly as written, that is, holding down for the entire length of five bars, Rubinstein plays as follows; in fact, in all places where a sustained pedal occurs, Rubinstein invariably strikes the note many times instead of once only—



sustaining the notes when possible, as above, by judicious use of the right pedal.

This is, of course, a liberty few students are competent enough to take of themselves, but the above is exactly as Rubinstein gives it.

The twenty-first Prelude and Fugue in B flat major is one of those best known and oftenest studied by the majority of students, who fight shy of such fugues and preludes as the preceding and succeeding ones, and is the one perhaps which receives at their hands the greatest amount of proper handling in contrast to the others.

Neither Rubinstein nor Bülow are content, however, with Czerny's reading, which is as follows:—



Both pianists giving instead—



Rubinstein playing it a trifle slower than Czerny, who has marked it *vivace* and a trifle quicker than Bülow, who plays it *moderato*. In the Kroll edition, the edition which both Bülow and Rubinstein recommend students, when the more expensive *Bach Gesellschaft Ausgabe* is unattainable, there happens to be as copied from one of the authentic MSS. some marks of expression

adhered to by both these pianists, although Czerny, strange to say, has no mention of them in his edition. They are at bar eleven (*adagio*) written in brackets over the three chords in the treble (*ad libitum*), also in brackets over the long run of demi-semiquavers, *adagio* again in the same position at bar thirteen, as well as (*ad libitum*) placed over the corresponding run in the bass. Then at the end of this run, which has ended in the treble (*tempo primo*).

Czerny gives in both places all his own *nuances*, but he entirely leaves out the indications of Bach himself. Then at the close he introduces for the sake of effect two octave B flats, in an added bar, as follows:—



Rubinstein and Bülow, however, playing it according to the *Bach Gesellschaft* edition, that is, without this doubtful addition. The Fugue Rubinstein plays as follows:—



Czerny, as usual, eager for his staccato, giving instead—



Instead of *piano* Rubinstein gives it *forte*, and without *scherzando*, both reading it *allegro vivace*.

This Fugue and Prelude is one of those which are very suitable for transposition, that is, transposition at sight, and students who have studied it would do well to play it in various keys besides the natural one of B flat.

The Prelude following in B flat minor is one of the gems of the whole collection, a poem surpassing words.

Rubinstein takes it very *andante* and with an exquisite *dolce piano*, singing the *soprano* voice all through, and phrasing as follows:—



Czerny giving



Although, however, the *soprano* part sings all through with Rubinstein, more than interest is given to the alto parts; in fact, the way in which he holds these alto and tenor parts against the singing *soprano* and pedal bass is a study quite in itself, the effect being indescribably rich, artistic, and musicianly. From bar eight till bar twelve Rubinstein uses a *crescendo*, coming to a climax on the minim F of the treble, then he holds the natural crotchet E that follows most prominently, *dropping*—I know no other expression that will adequately describe the way he goes into the next bar—most gently on the first of the bar, then the semiquaver figure from that on he plays with a touch that makes

it sound like a *caress*; this word also some may take exception to, as affected perhaps, but even so, it is the word I use in preference to all others, knowing that those who can understand me will understand it.

At bars sixteen and seventeen Rubinstein gives a prominence with beautiful effect to the figure in the bass; but at bar twenty-two he does not rise to a climax on the crotchet chord like Czerny, but he makes on it a perceptibly long pause, finishing *piano*, gently, and with a most perfect *legato*. This is a Prelude all should study; it is, so far as the notes go, only moderately difficult—the part-playing makes all Bach's music difficult—and any pianoforte player should be able to read it at sight, but any pianoforte player who has once read it never rests there; and to those who have not, I say, do so at once, if you will realize beauty transcendent. As Rubinstein with his quaint humour has often remarked to me after playing this and some other Preludes of a like character, "It is not only Chopin who has written *Nocturnes*."

The Fugue, a magnificent study of ways and means to those who study the fugue form, is remarkable for its difficulty; both Rubinstein and Bülow give out the first two notes of the subject double *forte*, both playing the entire *forte*, the subject coming in at all places vigorous and double *forte*, in fact like a surprise.

To do this will be one of the most difficult tasks of the student, but the student who can play this Prelude and Fugue, as it ought to be played, is already a musician.

I may remark that this Fugue and Prelude happens to be one of those specially loved by Rubinstein, and I don't think I have ever seen him with the music before him that he didn't first thing on looking at it become excited, kiss his two hands to it, and cry in Russian, after his own enthusiastic fashion, "What, what *prekrasnye prelestnye*," which means in English, "Ah here, here it is, something beautiful, something lovely;" for at fifty-eight, after a life spent in studying them, Rubinstein still finds in Bach's Preludes and Fugues all beauty, all freshness, and all charm.

(To be continued.)

Dialogues of the Musical Dead.

M. R. MASION CRAWFORD, in his interesting story, *With the Immortals*, has given us his own conception of what some of them would say of existing musical ideas: the lines which follow were written to the same effect some twenty years ago. An improvement in popular taste has been effected since then; so that the severity of the masters' remarks would now be somewhat modified. We republish the lines from a Macclesfield newspaper of this year, whence it was sent to us, as likely to amuse our readers.

BACH.

Whence comes it, Handel, that we hear no news
About the doings of the tuneful Muse
On Earth? Since Mendelssohn came down below—
And that seems ages long ago—I know
Of no Musician, worthy of the name,
Who deigns the honour of this place to claim.
Is the race quite extinct? Your men of song,
In general, don't live so very long;
The common fate of Genius they share,
Whose inward fire the strongest frame will wear.

Beethoven, true, was rather prone to riot,
But possibly his deafness kept him quiet;
And thus it was his fate on Earth to labour
Longer than Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Weber.
I speak not of myself, nor yet of you;
We never quarrelled, as Musicians do;
And so, of earthly life enjoyed a span
As great as falls to any common man.
But though a Shade all mortal passion spurns,
I'm not indifferent to what concerns
The progress of my Art; and so 'twere pleasant
To hear what's doing in that line at present.

HANDEL.

That wish you easily may gratify,
Amongst yon troop of spirits passing by.
You see that lean Shade with a sorrow face?
He's not been long a dweller in this place.
His name is Meyerbeer, and I was told
By Mendelssohn that many people hold
His operatic works in great esteem,
Though Mendelssohn, 'twixt you and me, don't seem
To care about them. See, he comes this way,
Let's hear what the lean Shade has got to say.
You, Gluck, shall question him.

GLUCK.

Herr Meyerbeer,

Welcome to Hades; nay, good sir, draw near,
We all are followers of the gentle Muse,
And, to be friends, you, surely, won't refuse.
See, Bach and Handel, mighty men, I trow,
And gentle Mendelssohn—but him you know—
Lo! here Beethoven comes, with brow o'erladen,
On one side Mozart, on the other Haydn,
Eager to give—on earth the task is hard—
A kindly welcome to a brother bard.

MEYERBEER.

I know you all. Think not, oh mighty Handel,
Because I am not fit to hold a candle
To such as you, that I am blind to see
The light in others which is not in me.
Ye mighty Monarchs of the realms of Song,
Whose genius men have worshipped—ay, so long—
Low at your feet in reverence I fall.

HANDEL (aside).

Bless me, the Shade's no donkey after all.

MOZART.

Rise up, my little ghost.

MEYERBEER.

Little! forsooth,
I am quite as tall as you. To speak the truth,
Methinks I am the taller of the two.

MOZART.

Nay, don't be angry, friend, but tell us who
On yonder Earth is king of music now?
When Mendelssohn was taken from the plough
In manhood's prime, he told us that Rossini,
With Auber, Donizetti, and Bellini,
And Weber, were the idols of the day.
To them do nations still their homage pay?

MEYERBEER.

Verdi has kicked Rossini from his throne;
There's no great love for Donizetti shown;
Bellini's simple strains begin to pall;
And as to Weber, he's nowhere at all.
Gounod and Flotow are the heroes now;
And great Auber to Offenbach must bow.
The "Traviata" or the "Trovatore"
Or "Il Barbiere" have eclipsed the glory.
As "Margarita" Patti fills the stage,
And "Marta," sung by Nilsson, is the rage.
To see "La Belle Hélène" the people press;
And throng in crowds to view "La Grand Duchesse."
You think I'm joking; nay, I'll tell you more,
Mozart won't wash, and Handel is a bore.

HAYDN.

This change in taste applies to France alone,
Not Germany and Italy; the tone
Is surely purer in those lands of song?
And what of British taste? Is that, too, wrong?

MEYERBEER.

The sweeping censure I have dared to lance
Applies to Germany as well as France.
As for poor Italy, I'm loth to chuck
A stone against a nation down in luck;
And British taste is past my comprehension,
To its vagaries I pay no attention.
But here's a Shade from England just arrived,
And he can tell you what has now survived
Of ancient predilections.

SHADE.

Aught that is old the British people shun,
To novelty alone they homage pay.
The Barrel Organs—

MOZART.

Stop, sir, what are they?

SHADE.

A Barrel Organ's like the public press,
It echoes music which has most success.

MOZART.

What a strange instrument!

SHADE.

There comes a stranger still. Your German band,
With cornets creaky, and with trombones blazy,
Infests our streets, and makes all people crazy;
But though the curst discordance rouses passion,
It's not because good music is in fashion;
On worthless shows we love our time to waste,
We've lots of money, but have little taste.

HANDEL.

Nay, friend; methinks the truth you have disguised,
My Oratorios are surely prized?

SHADE.

Well, the "Messiah" draws; but don't be proud,
A missionary gets a greater crowd;
And tuneless hymns roared out with voice sonorous,
Create more rapture than the finest chorus.
Or would you learn to what a depth of folly
Mortals can sink in striving to be jolly;
Know that a set of men, with blackened faces,
By means of antics and of foul grimaces,
Whilst singing strains (of which to say, I'm curst,
If poetry or music be the worst)
Attract an audience which, in every sense,
Is more productive both of praise and pence,
Than that which gathers in the well-known hall
For "Israel in Egypt" or "St. Paul";
Or that which may be drawn the strains to hear
Of Haydn, or Beethoven, or Schubert;
Or sweet Mozart, and birds of such like feather,
Or—in a word—the lot of you together.

MOZART.

You crush the hope my fancy loved to cherish,—
I thought my Operas would never perish.

SHADE.

Nor will they. There are still some people left
Of judgment and good taste not quite bereft;
By them your works will ever be preferred,
And rouse fresh rapture every time they're heard.
But other strains excite the beery crowd,
And vulgar nonsense wins applause most loud;
In music halls—erected for the sale
Of Spirits and Tobacco and Pale Ale—
The people throng to hear the palling strain
Of "Champagne Charlie," or "My Pretty Jane";
"My Pretty Susan" gets its three encores;
And "Not for Joseph" draws the crowd by scores;
Nay! Princes think it no disgrace to honour
The Jolly Nash or Vance the Great.

BEETHOVEN.

Oh Donner
Und Blitzen! tell me, do the upper classes
Frequent these hovels of the lower masses?

SHADE.

Well, no. They have their places of resort,
Where they pretend the tuneful Muse to court;
But if unto the Opera they go,
'Tis not to hear the Music—but to show
Themselves. Nor is their taste a bit superior
To that shown by the class they deem inferior;
In Melody alone delight they find,
Nor care for Music that enchains the mind.
Verdi's loud brass the largest audience draws,
And Gounod's patchwork wins immense applause.
Yes, though they listen when the Diva Patti
Warbles "La ci Darem," or "Batti Batti,"
To sense of beauty they are yet so lost,
That "Don Giovanni" pleases less than "Faust";
As to "Fidelio," 'tis shunned—

BEETHOVEN.

What, what!
Has Music so far fallen? Ach, mein Gott!
Is "Adelaide" scorned?

SHADE.

Not by the few.
And even from the idle, thoughtless crew—
Should Sims Reeves have the noble condescension
To give it utterance—it wins attention;
But even then, I fear, the people throng
Rather to hear the singer than the song:
For sentimental ballads far surpass—
In favour—Music of the highest class.

MENDELSSOHN.

There was a time when Music had the power
On feeblest verse immortal fame to shower.
Take anything which you Libretto call,
The words are nothing—and the Music all.

SHADE.

The times are altered; and the words, if strong,
Will often make the fortune of a song.
Your Lieder ohne Worte made men bow
Their heads in gratitude; but Music now,
To Poetry is such a wretched feeder,
'Twere best to hear the Worte ohne Lieder.

BEETHOVEN.

I fear the British taste is scarcely sound.

SHADE.

'Tis not for want of Critics; they abound.
No foolish modesty their valour awes;
In perfect freedom they laid down the laws.
On them alone of Art depends the fate:
They teach us what to worship or to hate:
And loudly boast, in terms impertinent,
They only can tell what the artist meant.
In Music specially are they profound;
They know the hidden meaning of each sound.
And not content that Music should express
All mortal feelings, even to excess,
They strive to prove that sound can represent
Of Nature's aspect the embodiment.
To every piece they must a title set:
This is the Ocean, that a Rivalet.
With you, Beethoven, they are pleased to take
Especial liberty, and nicknames make
For your Sonatas. How could they be finer
By such addition? That in C sharp minor,
Which opens with a sweet and plaintive wail,
Is called The Moonlight now—

BEETHOVEN.

Beasts! 'twas a tale
Of unrequited passion. To this hour,
Immortal as I am, I feel its power.
Slave though I was, I scorned to be a slave;
Nor stooped in maudlin misery to rave.
Though ruined hope will raise a storm of grief,
The fury of my passion was but brief.
I breathed no sound of anger; rather strove
To show the holy tenderness of love.
Midst all its bursts of madness, ever kind,
And though crushed by despair, for aye, resigned.
But let that pass; I fain, good sir, would learn
If, in the present day, you Britons spurn
My music.

SHADE.

Nay; spurn is too harsh a word.
Your works, with pleasure, by some few are heard;
But though they draw an audience, they are
By no means with the public popular,
Nor suit the taste, which Fashion daily lowers,
Of concert-players, and of concert-goers.
Men ever take delight in feats of skill,
And fools, by tricks of Art, are tickled still.
Aught that is monstrous will attention claim,
What's merely natural is far too tame.
Poets and Painters, and Musicians too,
Foster the madness of the fevered crew,
And pander to their vain and foolish cries,
Since Thalberg took the public by surprise,
Playing as if he had a hundred fingers,
His influence has flourished, and still lingers.
Performers strive each other to excel
In manual feats which seem impossible.
Some pound the piano; some again will do
With one hand what another does with two.
For style—the violent is most in favour,
A modest utterance is poor in flavour.
So, Feeling is, in general, neglected,
And Execution is alone respected.
Moreover, there's a school sprung up of late,
Whose followers are noisy if not great.
From common prejudice they are exempt,
And melody regard with deep contempt.
As a poor gift the vulgar only prize,
A means to please that genius should despise;
The laws of Harmony they quite disclaim,
To be most incoherent is their aim.
And they profess to find the most profound
And subtle meaning in chaotic sound.

SCHUMANN.

You rate too high the power of melody:
The music of the Future will be free
From that at least.

BEETHOVEN.

I have not heard it yet,
And if I never hear it, I shan't fret,
Considering how very brief the span
Of mortal life; 'tis passing strange how man
Will deign to listen to the voice of fools
Who preach that genius is above all rules,
And worship novelty, in any guise,
Far more than excellence, that never dies.

MEYERBEER.

The love of novelty no doubt betrays
Man's judgment, and he oft bestows his praise
On works which scarcely can outlive their day.
Not all are pearls we gather on our way.
But yet 'tis scarcely wise or just to blast
The present, in our reverence for the past;
For if Investigation we decline,
Who shall say what are pearls and which be swine?
Such prejudice would only take the bread
From living mouths, and not enrich the dead.

GLUCK.

The world is slow to recognise true worth;
All that excites the sluggish soul to mirth
Is hailed with gratitude; but the appeal
To nobler feelings must possess Time's seal.
To be at all successful.

MEYERBEER.

True, oh sage;
When you were writing for the Paris stage,
One called Piccini shared the people's praise,
And, for awhile, produced a mighty blaze;
But Time corrects the errors of the past,
And Genius receives its due at last.

MOZART.

We know where Gluck is now; but where's
Piccini?
Some, too, outlive their fame. Why, poor Rossini
Must grieve to see his works laid on the shelf,
Whilst Verdi, Gounod, Flotow, and yourself,
Usurp the throne he filled with so much grace—
I don't mind saying it before your face—
But you, Herr Meyerbeer, are much to blame
For all the degradation and the shame.

On sweet Enterpe fallen. For I am told
Your faith in her divinity is cold;
You dragged the gentle goddess through the Mud;
And made her chew of bitterness the cud;
You scrupled not to break her holy laws,
And, to obtain the vulgar mob's applause,
You stooped to means an artist should despise,
Nor blushed to take your audience by surprise.
Your monster drums and trombones rent the air,
And fools believed that Genius was there;
In pomp and pageantry you loved to flaunt.
Think you the tinsel could conceal the want
Of solid worth, for any length of time?

MEYERBEER.

It answered for the day. Is it a crime
Of worldly wisdom to obey the rules,
And give to fools the food that's fit for fools?
Though Genius, no doubt, from Heaven is sent,
The Spirit of the Age directs its bent;
And that wherein I made my pilgrimage
Was a loud-talking and dust-throwing age.
Who made the greatest noise was sure to win,
And, Reason deafened, get at Folly's "tin."
All mountebanks a rapid fortune made,
And Spirit-rappers drove a thriving trade;
With Time would Woman her acquaintance sever,
By Art she could be "beautiful as ever";
Where all was Humbug—cannot you forgive
The humbug I committed—Man must live.
If Verdi puts six trombones in his score,
How can I beat him without using more?
With public taste my works were on a level;
I'd no commission from a saintly devil
To write a solemn Requiem, as you
My Mozart, had: if the report be true.
So, 'tis not fair to cover me with shame
For what I did. You might have done the same.

MOZART.

Well, well. I'm almost grieved for what I said;
Let us shake hands, "I war not with the dead."
Moreover, it is said above that we
Musicians cannot live in harmony;
That Envy, Hatred, Malice are the feelings
Which ever regulate our mortal dealings;
Whate'er our earthly squabbles, let them cease;
For here, at least, should songsters live in peace.
You, Handel, will agree with me, I ken.

HANDEL.

I'm not so certain; but I sing, Amen.

BEETHOVEN.

Fools call me grumpy; but I join that cry.

BACH.

And I!

HAYDN.

And I!!

WEBER.

And I!!!

MENDELSSOHN.

And I!!!!

MEYERBEER.

And I!!!!!!

THE Appendix to Sir George Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* has at last been issued. The additions to the biographies are interesting, but several rising English musicians are unaccountably passed over without mention. The volume is carried down to the deaths of Ilma di Muraka, Carl Rosa, and Théodore Steinway, consequently to within a couple of months of the present time, but still no notice is taken of Hamish MacCunn, Weist Hill, Frederic Cliffe, and others who are now well known in the musical world. The Appendix also contains a vast quantity of corrections of mistakes in the Dictionary itself.

THE great Wagner tenor, Vogt, has, according to the German papers, been engaged at the Munich Opera until the year 1900. On the other hand, it is confidently stated that he has accepted an engagement for the United States next winter.

Signor Bottesini.

THE Paganini of the double-bass, as Bottesini was justly called, died at Parma on the 6th of July. He was born at Crema in Lombardy on Christmas Eve in 1822. From an early age he showed great aptitude for music, and indeed was admitted into the Conservatorio at Milan at the age of eleven. At that time there were two vacant scholarships—one for the bassoon, and the other for double-bass. It appears that the attention of the youth had been already directed towards the latter instrument by an uncle, and so he at once decided to study the unwieldy instrument. His master was Rossi, and he gained a knowledge of the theory of music under Basili and Vaccai. He remained four years at Milan, and in 1840 he gave a concert at Crema. He soon became famous, and travelled about with his schoolfellow Ardit. The two artists accepted an engagement at the Havana, the one as conductor of the opera, the other as first contra-bassist. They were both very successful, and remained there for many years. Bottesini's first opera, "Christophe Colomb," was produced there in 1846.

He made his first appearance in London in 1848, only two years after the death of the celebrated Dragonetti; and he first played at the Musical Union in 1849. His visits to London were from this time frequent, and whether at the Philharmonic or at Jullien's promenade concerts, he always created a sensation. He conducted the orchestra at the Théâtre des Italiens, Paris, for two years; but when the French Empire collapsed, he came over here and produced his comic opera "Ali Baba," but obtained with it only moderate success. He conducted the Promenade Concerts here in 1871, but his name is associated in that year with an event of far greater importance. He was appointed conductor at Cairo, and under his direction Verdi's *chef-d'œuvre* "Aida" was produced at the Viceregal Opera on the 24th of December. M. Pougin in his life of Verdi speaks of him as a "sure and experienced chief."

In 1887 he conducted his oratorio, "The Garden of Olivet," at the Norwich Festival.

The following description of him as a performer, from the recently-published Appendix to Sir G. Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, is graphic and not in the least exaggerated:—

Those alone who have heard him play can realize the beauty of the performance. It is not only marvellous as a *tour de force*, but the consummate skill of this great artist enables him to produce a result delightful even for the most fastidious musician to listen to. Extraordinary agility and strength of hand, dexterous use of the harmonious, purity of tone and intonation, perfect taste in phrasing—in fact, all the requisites of a great solo player—are exhibited by Bottesini on this cumbersome instrument. Bottesini wrote, besides the works already mentioned, several other operas produced in Paris, Turin, and elsewhere. Of course, he wrote show pieces specially for his instrument. Among the most noted of these were the *Sonnabula Fantasia*, the *Carneval of Venice*, and the duets which he played with Signori Sivori and Piatti. He also wrote a Method for the double-bass, which enjoys a high reputation. A concerto for contra-basso and orchestra of his was performed at the Crystal Palace in 1886. It may also be mentioned that several of his pieces have been given from time to time at the Popular Concerts—a *Bolero*, *Elegia*, *Tarantalla*, etc.

Signor Bottesini was amiable in manner, and was respected by artists and beloved by his friends.

Better from Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, July 1889.

DEAREST ALICE.—As no musical event worthy of note has occurred in Liverpool since last I wrote to you, I intend to devote the greater portion of my letter to-day to telling you all about the formation of a new Society, in which I feel sure you will take a great interest. It is called the "Beethoven House Society," and was founded at Bonn on the Rhine in May last. Although the name of Ludwig van Beethoven is celebrated throughout the musical world, and statues, pictures, and biographies innumerable will keep his memory green to all time, and although quite recently his earthly remains have been consigned to the mausoleum for celebrities at Vienna, yet amid all this homage paid to his genius, his birthplace has been hitherto sadly neglected. It is the purpose of the Society to banish all vulgar associations from this spot, and to consecrate it solely to the memory of the great master. In order to do this, the first step was of course to purchase the house in which he entered the world. This has already been done. Some parts of the building are still in their original condition, especially the little room in which he was born, and which has been preserved in all its quaint simplicity. The remaining portions of the old house will now receive equal care, and dust and decay will be forced to abdicate in favour of light and learning. Besides effecting the restoration so urgently required, and caring for the proper maintenance of this famous little dwelling, the Society proposes to establish within its walls a museum in which all manuscripts, pictures, busts, and relics of Beethoven shall find a resting-place, in addition to a collection of his works and of all literature appertaining to him. Furthermore, it is the earnest desire of the founders of the Society that their headquarters shall in time become a radiating point for great musical efforts throughout the world. And now, having described the objects for which the Society has been created, I must tell you a little about its constitution and management, and give you the names of some of the art lovers who have accorded it their support. First comes the question of funds. This is a matter about which artistes seldom trouble themselves, and I fear the financial portion of the undertaking would fare ill if left to their tender mercies. Fortunately among the founders there are some practical men of business who can be safely trusted to take this prosaic but highly indispensable department under their care. The Society starts with a capital of 10,000 marks (£500), which the founders have subscribed among themselves. This, it is hoped, will be further increased by contributions from those who are in sympathy with the good work. For every single subscription of 50 m. (£2, 10s.) a share will be issued, which will entitle the holder to membership and a participation in the property of the Society. The donor of 500 m. (£25) will receive, in addition to his 10 shares, a certificate declaring him a patron of the Society. The shares will be issued in numerical rotation, and signed by the president and treasurer. Every shareholder will be entitled to receive a summons to the general meetings, each share carrying with it one vote. Members will be allowed free entry to the House, and, as far as space will permit, to any concerts or entertainments which may be given there. They will also receive all the literary publications of the Society, either gratis, or when the cost is very great, at special reductions. As soon as 3000 shares have been issued, the first general meeting will be called, and subsequently there will be a general meeting every year on the 17th December, Beethoven's birthday, at eleven o'clock in the morning, at the Beethoven House in Bonn. Dr. Joseph Joachim has been made honorary president for life, in commemoration of this year being his artistic jubilee. There are two extraordinary honorary members, Prince Bismarck and

Count Moltke. Among the honorary members are the following well-known names—Johannes Brahms, Max Bruch, Niels-Gade, Sir George Grove, Sir Charles Hallé, Prince Victor Hohenlohe, Hans Richter, Anton von Rubinstein, Clara Schumann, Villiers Stanford, etc. With such a list, the promoters need have no fear of success. And now, dear, if you or any of your friends should feel sufficiently interested in my information to desire to know more, you must write to me, and I will tell you where to send for full particulars, and who knows, perhaps before long I shall see your name among the list of the Society's patrons.

I have just received the welcome news that Sarasate has been engaged for the first Philharmonic Concert in October. Madame Nordica's services have also been secured for the same evening, so the season will open brilliantly, will it not?

I suppose you have heard of the death of Otto Bernhardt, Hallé's first viola. He has been hopelessly ill for many years, and although we shall all miss his familiar figure from the orchestra, for him it is a merciful release from frightful suffering.

A little bird has whispered in my ear that his place will be filled by Mr. Simon Speelman, the leader of the second violins, and if my feathery friend is correctly informed in this, the choice is most felicitous.

I was highly amused the other day at an illustration in the *Universal Review*, entitled the "Violoncello." What a sturdy lass the young lady must be who can hold a violoncello under her chin as easily as if it were a violin! I envy her her herculean strength, and should dearly like to know the secret of it. Was it Salt Regal, or Dr. Ridge's food, I wonder?

Speaking of the "cello" reminds me of a sweet little anecdote about Piatti. When this celebrated "cellist" was in Manchester a few months ago, he paid a visit to a friend whose little boy is learning the violoncello. The child just happened to be practising when Piatti entered, so taking up the tiny "cello" he commenced to play upon it. Now on a small instrument the intervals are of course different from those on a full-sized one, and Piatti being accustomed to play only on the latter, experienced a slight difficulty in getting the intonation correctly. When he had finished, he turned to the little boy who had been listening most attentively the while, and asked him how he liked it. "Well," said the child, "to tell you the truth, it was all out of tune." The great artiste was so delighted at his small listener being able to detect this deficiency, that he promised to come the next day and bring his own instrument with him. He kept his word, and this time his critical audience had no fault to find, and applauded his brother "cellist" most enthusiastically.

We are off to-morrow for a month in the country, and then perhaps we shall go on to Baireuth for a week to hear Wagner's "Parsifal," "Meistersinger," and "Tristan und Isolde," given as they are given nowhere else. I shall not be sorry to quit Liverpool for a short time, as the city is practically dead at present; even the theatres are all closed, and the streets look quite deserted.—With best love, your affectionate sister,
NETTA.

Foreign Notes.

A CONSERVATOIRE of Music on the most approved European model is about to be established at Buenos Ayres. If the Argentine Republic should show itself as active and enterprising in the world of art as it is in matters of commerce and finance, surprising results may be expected.

MISS SIGRID ARNOLDSON was married on July 16 at Vienna to her manager, Mr. Alfred Fischhof, a nephew of the late Maurice Strakosch. Miss Arnoldson is a native of Stockholm, but since her appearance at the Royal Italian Opera last year, she has been touring about the Continent with great success.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE has addressed a letter to M. Brincat, so well known for his labours in the anti-slavery movement, announcing that a competition is to be held for the composition of a cantata dealing with the abolition of African slavery. Prizes of 1000 and 500 francs are offered, and the works to which the first and second prizes may be adjudged will be performed at Lucerne by one of the Swiss choral societies.

ILL-FATED Johnston was quite a musical little town. Welsh choir meetings, band concerts, and musical events have been frequent there. Mr. Heffley, principal of the musical department at the Morell Institute, says that there was a really remarkable amount of private musical activity in the place. In the single season since the musical department was started by Mr. Heffley, he had built up a class of fifty-five pupils under his own tuition, with twenty more under an assistant.

THE Paris papers are beginning to resent the preference given to American singers at the Grand Opera and the Opéra-Comique. A correspondent of an American paper says, "The feeling is growing stronger here that it is about time to hear some linnet of French birth on the French stage, instead of foreigners all the time. When it is remembered that of the last six *débütantes* at the opera here, not one has had Gallic blood in her veins; it must be confessed that there is some excuse for the feeling."

THE Austrian Emperor has just bought the MS. of eighty-eight songs, alleged to have been composed in the fourteenth century by the Tyrolean minnesinger Oswald von Wolkenstein.

LAST month the *maison de retraite* for worn-out artistes, founded at Paris by a legacy left by Rossini, was formally opened. It had been in use for some months by French and Italian artistes of both sexes, but no formal ceremony had hitherto taken place. On the occasion notified a large number of French musical celebrities came together to do honour to the master's memory, and an interesting programme, which included some numbers from Rossini's works, was carried out.

A CHOIR, consisting of about a hundred Finnish students from Helsingfors, have been giving concerts at Lübeck and Hamburg on their way to the Paris Exhibition.

THE American newspapers are full of Mrs. Grover Cleveland and her violin studies, one of them remarking, "It is a noble and difficult instrument, and to a woman of grace and beauty most becoming. What a crowd will be assembled to greet Mrs. Cleveland the first time she appears, accompanied by the ladies' orchestra, to play for the benefit of some interesting charity." Mrs. Cleveland's instructor is Miss Louise Hood, a pupil of Joachim.

TWO plays by M. Sardou are, it is said, in process of conversion into operatic librettos. M. Pontana is at work on "La Tosca," for Signor Puccini; and M. Solanges is preparing "Les premières armes de Richelieu," for Signor Mario Costa.

A NEW invention for enlarging the capabilities of the harmonium has been patented in England by Herr Hugo Beyer, a well-known Scandinavian musician. The principal feature of this invention is as follows:—To the front of the instrument, below the key-board, a row of small knobs is affixed, each of which corresponds with a note in the bass. On touching any of these the corresponding note is played; and as, after a little practice, the player can easily manipulate them with his thumbs, he is able to get the full effect of a pedal bass without removing his hands from the centre of the key-board.

CONTRACTS have just been signed, in accordance with which Signor Sarasate and Mr. Eugen D'Albert will visit the United States next autumn, under engagement to Mr. Abbey.

FROM Buenos Ayres comes the news that Madame Patti has obtained a tremendous success at the Politeama in "Roméo et Juliette." The receipts on the first night were 20,000 écus, or about £4000. If these figures be correctly quoted, Madame Patti (who is paid £1200 a night certain, and half the receipts over £2400) will have received the respectable fee of £2000 for her evening's work.

ON July 27th and 29th Norwegian concerts were to be held at the Trocadero in connection with the musical section of the Paris Exhibition. The chorus consisted of 125 singers, under the direction of M. Grøndahl, the husband of the famous pianist, Madame Backer-Grøndahl. The soloist was the well-known Norwegian baritone, M. Lammers. The programme consisted exclusively of works by Norwegian composers, such as Grieg, Svendsen, Sehner, Reissiger, Olsen, Sinding, and Elling. M. Sehner had specially composed for this concert a work descriptive of the expedition to Normandy made by the Vikings of Norway nine centuries ago.

Accidentals.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will shortly issue a new work by Mr. Frederick Buffen, called *Musical Celebrities*. The first edition will be published as an *Edition de Luxe*, and contain the portraits and memoirs of a number of the most distinguished musicians and singers of the present day. The portraits will be executed by the new automatic photographic process, and the memoirs will include, among others, those of Joachim, Sarasate, L. E. Bach, Marcella Sembrich, Sims Reeves, Anton Rubinstein, Joseph Hollman, etc. etc.

DR. STAINER has been appointed to the musical professorship at Oxford, vacant by the death of Sir F. Gore-Ouseley.

AT the Paris Exhibition they have been organizing a so-called "English Musical Festival," and Sir Polydore de Keyser seems to have opened a subscription to cover all expenses. The programme cannot, however, be accepted as typical of English music, since it is to be devoted to the works of the late Monsieur Alfred Holmes, who settled in France in 1864, and became almost more French than the French themselves. This "English" Festival will be held some time in September, under the direction of a French conductor, either M. Lamoureux or M. Colonne.

MR. CARL ROSA's will was sworn at £78,000 personally. About £50,000 of this is, it is understood, in shares of the Carl Rosa Opera Company Limited.

MESSRS. A. MITTAG SUCCESSORS, Berlin, of the Mittag Pianos, have removed their sample depot to very convenient and central offices, Percy House, corner of Rathbone Place, 3 Percy Street, Oxford Street, London, W.

THE publishers Choudens of Paris are about to institute a lawsuit against the management of the Imperial Opera, Vienna. The cause of the dispute is the royalties on "Carmen," which are claimed by the Choudens as representatives of the heirs of Bizet.

THE popular contralto, Miss Grace Damian, has recently been studying for the operatic stage, and will shortly visit Italy with a view to making appearances there before asking for the verdict of an English audience. Miss Damian is encouraged to this course by the success which she achieved during her American tour with Madame Albani, when several operatic selections were given, with all scenic accessories.

MUSICIANS will be very glad to hear that the authorities of Durham University have followed the example of Oxford, Cambridge, and London, and have founded a chair of music. Glasgow, as the

representative University in the west of Scotland, will, it is hoped, do likewise. At Durham some of the less admirable features in force at Oxford and Cambridge have been avoided. The public performance with a full orchestra of the degree "exercise" is in these days, when concerts are given by the hundred, utterly useless. To the candidates the performance implies a heavy expense, so that a comparatively poor man is practically debarred from accepting the degree of Mus. Doc. at all. At London and at Durham the performance of the exercise is optional, and a special proviso has been inserted at Durham, that if the candidate wish to give a public hearing to his exercise he can dispense with the orchestra altogether, and can confine his accompaniments to the pianoforte or the harmonium.

THE candidates are required to pass first an examination in general education. Then for the degree of Mus. Bac., it is obligatory to pass an examination in harmony and counterpoint in no more than four parts, and to provide a fugal composition containing five-part harmony, with good fugal counterpoint, and an accompaniment for string quintet, and to show a knowledge of form, musical history, etc. For Mus. Doc. the exercise must, as at Oxford, show real eight-part harmony and eight-part fugal counterpoint, with accompaniment for full orchestra.

MESSRS. HILL & SONS have just completed a magnificent new organ for the Town Hall of Sydney, New South Wales. This instrument, which is one of the largest in the world, contains one hundred and twenty-six speaking stops, distributed between five manuals. Its most remarkable feature is the sixty-four feet stop, a striking reed of true length on the pedal organ. The lowest note of this stop, expressed in technical language as "CCCCC," is two octaves below the lowest C on the pianoforte, and as it gives only eight vibrations in a second, it cannot be perceived as a note at all. Its effect lies wholly in the extraordinary richness and power of its upper harmonies, by which it reinforces notes given by the higher pipes.

THE organ is constructed entirely on the pneumatic principle, of a kind specially devised by the builders, and is blown by a gas engine. The case has been designed by Mr. Arthur Hill, M.A., F.S.A. The style is northern Renaissance of the seventeenth century, strictly after the model of the finest ancient examples.

THE Australians seem desirous of paying honour to the interpreters of the musical art, judging from the royal reception which they accorded to Mr. Santley on his arrival at Adelaide. The great baritone was met at the landing-place by a deputation of the municipality, who escorted him to his hotel. His first public recognition took place at the Town Hall, Adelaide, the Mayor speaking in the name of the general community, and the local Musical Association representing the artistic section. The members of this body, meeting Mr. Santley at the door, escorted him up the hall, singing an ode specially written for the occasion.

MR. SANTLEY was promptly interviewed on landing, and was described by the reporters as "of middle age, though possessing all the fire of youth, which enables him to maintain a lively conversation with spirit, introducing, as he is well able to do, sundry anecdotes of his professional experience. He seems to be a plain, every-day sort of man, genial, humorous, and devoid of affectation." We are glad to learn that the sale of tickets beforehand was quite unprecedented; indeed, the tour has, so far, been such an unqualified success, that Mr. Santley does not intend to return to England for some months.

DR. MACKENZIE has composed for Signor Sarasate a new violin piece, with orchestral accompaniment. The work bears, as yet, no specific name, but we understand that it is distinctly Scottish in the character of its themes. It comprises three movements—a Rhapsody, Caprice, and Dance.

Mendelssohn Anecdotes.

MENDELSSOHN was extemporizing one day in his apartment in Rome, when suddenly a rich contralto voice was heard repeating a theme out of his *Fantasia*. It was the young maid of the landlady. She was singing on the stairs; Mendelssohn opened the window to listen, and she was persuaded to come into the room and sing. He accompanied her on the pianoforte; and he afterwards provided for her musical education, till she became an excellent singer.

MENDELSSOHN ON PAPA HAYDN.—A merry, jovial group of friends one night found fault with the weakness of the chorus in praise of wine in "The Seasons." "The old papa," said one, "must have been drinking detestable wine at that time to put so little fire into its praise." Mendelssohn answered, "Father Haydn can well forgive your calumny and can afford to wait patiently till you once more come to your senses. Let the frothy period of youth pass away, and then sing his chorus to a glass of wine, and tell me whether it still seems insipid. At this moment the wine itself is your chief object. When Haydn wrote that chorus, he did not drink wine as you do, merely to enjoy it, but only in order to gain strength for his work, and rejoice in the strength it imparted. So I say again, wait!"

MENDELSSOHN'S MEMORY.—At a concert in Dresden in 1846, the King of Saxony requested a lady to give Mendelssohn a theme for extemporization. She named Gluck's "Iphigenie," which had been given on the previous evening at the Opera. Mendelssohn said, "Your Majesty, till last night I have not heard that opera for seven years, but I comply with your Majesty's commands." He extemporized in a wonderful manner, not omitting one of the important airs in the opera—a wonderful *tour de force*. What he once heard he never forgot.

MENDELSSOHN'S PLAYING.—One of his musical friends writes thus:—"In my opinion, neither his pianoforte nor organ playing have been sufficiently highly estimated, or possibly the composer in some degree drove the practical musician into the background. Independent of the magic of his touch, which could only be felt and not defined, and his finished technical powers, it was his absolute and unqualified devotion to the master whose work he was executing that imparted to his playing a character of perfection that probably was never heard before and never will be heard again. In rendering the creations of others, he introduced nothing of himself; he was entirely absorbed in the soul and spirit of the composer. When I recall the impression that his playing made on my heart, I can only say that other virtuosos have often enchanted and enraptured me, such as Liszt, Clara Schumann, Ferdinand Hiller, etc.; but not one of these ever inspired me with the feeling which came over me when listening to Mendelssohn."

MENDELSSOHN AND JENNY LIND.—A torchlight serenade was given to Jenny Lind, and a deputation from the Directors of the Gewandhaus Concerts, in the courtyard of the mansion where she was visiting. She asked Mendelssohn what she ought to do with these people, and he advised her to go down and thank them herself in a few words. She agreed to do this if he would accompany and speak for her. He did so as follows:—"Gentlemen, you must not think that I am Mendelssohn, for at this moment I am Jenny Lind, and as such I thank you from my heart for your delightful surprise. Having now, however, fulfilled my honourable commission, I am again transformed into the Leipzig Music Director, and in that capacity I say, 'Long live Jenny Lind!'"

A Rare Musical Genius.

UNDER the above caption the Chicago Herald prints the following:—

Chicago has a musical prodigy superseding in some respects the remarkable Josef Hofmann. Her name is Gussie S. Cottlow. She was born in Shelbyville, Ill., on April 2, 1878, and thus she is just eleven years old. Her father is Morris Cottlow, of Shelbyville, and her mother, Mrs. Cottlow, was Miss Selina Oldenburg, who, born in Liverpool, England, came to this country when a child and taught in Grammar School No. 4, New York city, until she was married. She has musical talents of a very high order, and her family have been musical for generations.

One day, when Gussie was three years old, there was a fan drill in the Shelbyville school. Two weeks afterward Mrs. Cottlow played on the piano the fan drill march without remembering what it was. "I wonder," she said, "what that can be?" "Why, mamma," little Gussie lisped, "it's the fan drill music." This was the first intimation of her musical genius.

A MUSICIAN FOUR YEARS OLD.

About this time she began to pick out simple airs on the piano, and before she was four years old she began to read notes. Her parents, desirous of cultivating her taste for music, neglected the common branches of learning, and it was not until she was seven years of age that they began to teach her the alphabet. She was very backward, and she got the nickname of "Dummy."

One day her mother, in despair, showed her how to spell a word phonetically. In a week, reading and spelling had no more terrors for her. This is merely an instance of her ear for sounds of all kinds.

Her idea of time is equally remarkable. When she was three years old, a dancing class met sometimes in her mother's house. Gussie used to take her doll out on the porch where she could hear the music, and there they found her dancing away with the doll in perfect time. Her father was playing a little composition on the piano when Gussie broke out with: "Papa, why, that's a story you're playing; don't you hear it? There are two men going on horseback to a funeral, and they're quarrelling just awful. They stop fighting while the funeral goes on—don't you hear the dead music? And when it is over they begin again, and they quarrel all the way home, and the road is awful stony, I tell you." That was her idea of the meaning of the music. Of course it meant nothing of the sort. She was learning one of Beethoven's sonatas. Stopping in the middle, after having exclaimed several times, "Isn't it beautiful?" she said: "Oh, mamma, I'll have to stop. If you make me go on I'll have to cry." She is more susceptible to the beauty of Beethoven's music than to that of the work of any other composer. At five years of age she played Burgmüller's Opus 100, and at seven, under Wolfsohn's direction, she played Loeschhorn's Opus 66.

HER FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE.

Gussie Gottlow first appeared in public when she was five years and eleven months old—in March 1884—at a school entertainment in Shelbyville. There she played selections from "The Bohemian Girl." She next appeared in Mattoon, Ill., in May 1885, when she executed Beethoven's Op. 49, and played selections from Mendelssohn and Clementi. In July of the same year she played sonatas of Kuhlman and Clementi, and a fantasia from "Norma" at Decatur. Before the State Superintendents and Teachers' Convention at Springfield, in December 1885, she played Wehl's "Titania." Four years ago she gave a private recital in the Weber Music Hall, and her debut in public here was given on May 29, 1888, in the First Methodist Episcopal Church block. Thursday evening she again appeared in Chicago, in

Central Music Hall, where she played Beethoven's C major Concerto and Mendelssohn's "Capriccio Brillante," Op. 22, both with orchestral accompaniment; a Pastorale by Mozart and a Nocturne (E flat) and a waltz (E minor) of Chopin. This is the extent of her performances in public.

THE CHILD'S REMARKABLE EAR FOR MUSIC.

The young pianist's most noticeable gift is her unusually correct ear. She has absolute pitch. She will stand with her back to the instrument while one strikes a chord or a discord, or any number of notes simultaneously, and she will name at once the individual notes. Marc A. Blumenberg, one of the editors of the New York Musical Courier, did not believe this. He struck a piano in one of the musical stores and asked Gussie to name the notes. When she had finished, "You are wrong," he said. "No," the little one replied, "you know that piano is half a tone lower than concert pitch. Try a piano that is tuned up, and you will see that I am right." And so it was. "Why, little girl," Mr. Blumenberg exclaimed, "you're better than a tuning fork!" At a musical convention in Shelbyville it was asked that some one sing the chromatic scale. One after another of these music teachers declared themselves unable to perform the feat, whereupon little Gussie arose and sang the scale through correctly without the help of anything to give her the pitch.

Gussie not only plays the piano; she sings excellently in a clear and strong contralto voice, and she has a very decided talent for drawing and painting. In September 1888 her friends in Shelbyville gave her a magnificent gold medal, and the other day some one gave her a beautiful pin set in pearls. People are constantly sending her books and flowers. She is a beautiful child. Her hair and eyes are jet black, her complexion is dark, and she has rosy cheeks and very white teeth. When the reporter called at her home, No. 3230 Vernon-ave., she was playing in the street with a number of other children. She is very fond of play. On the two days that she rehearsed for her Thursday evening concert she jumped off the piano stool and played jackstones and ball while the orchestra was resting.

There is a trapeze in the house, and she can perform every feat that her big seventeen-year-old brother can. Her little hand can just reach the octave, and she cannot reach the pedals, a pedal attachment being used. For three hours every day she practises on the piano, making her mother drag her away from play, like any and every other child; and then for two hours she studies arithmetic, German, geography, spelling, and writing. This routine evidently agrees with her, for she has gained 12½ pounds in weight and 4 inches in height since last November. She now weighs 76½ pounds, and is 4 feet 6 inches tall.

MUSICAL PRACTICE NOT IRKSOME TO HER.

One day, being unusually refractory, her mother said to her, "Gussie, if you don't practise better than this, I'm going to stop giving you lessons." "Oh, mamma," Gussie replied, "I don't know what I'd do if I had to stop practising—I'd feel as though I were living a lie!" She composed many simple little things, such as waltzes and polkas, when she was seven or eight years old. She stopped some time ago, because, as she said, she was ashamed of them, and she was going to wait until she could "do it better." She is indeed a remarkable child. Three years ago Gilmore, the famous bandmaster, heard her play. He exclaimed enthusiastically, "This child has no equal in America!" And that seems to be the general opinion among musical critics. Gussie will give no more concerts before next winter. This summer she will have a vacation, while her master in technique, Professor Wolfsohn, is in Europe, but she will continue to receive instruction in counterpoint and harmony from Frederic Grant Gleason.

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All Editorial communications to be addressed to the Editor, Arran, 4 Herbert Road, Stepney, London, E.W.

Reviews.

LONDON—NOVELLO, EWER, & CO.

Benedicite, omnia Opera. Arranged in shortened form, and set to music by the Rev. Edward Medley.

We can recommend this simple setting and convenient arrangement of the Benedicite as being eminently suitable both for cathedral and parish church choirs.

Three Gavottes. For the pianoforte. Composed by W. T. Kirkwood Taylor.

Mr. Taylor's Gavottes are not so tuneful as many of their kind, and bear a certain family resemblance to one another; but it must in justice be admitted that they are well written, and sufficiently simple to form useful pieces for students of a not very advanced standard.

LONDON—JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Life and Love. Song. Words by Alsager Hay Hill. Music by Harold Oakley.

Although this song is written throughout in waltz time, with, for the most part, a conventional waltz accompaniment, Mr. Oakley has successfully avoided the commonplace jingle which is so apt to characterize vocal compositions in this measure. The melody, if not particularly original, is graceful and pleasing. As the words are also distinctly above the average, we should imagine that *Life and Love* is likely to become a favourite with amateurs.

COLNE—JOHN GREEN.

Seaward. Song. Words by W. S. Wilkinson.

Changeless. Song. Words by Patti Varnum.

Merry Times. Vocal Polka.

Golden Rays. Mazurka de Concert. Composed by Ellis Riley.

The first-mentioned of the above compositions is one of a class which will always be popular with a certain portion of the British public, because it deals with sailors and the sea. Mr. Riley's sea-song possesses a catchy tune and sufficient "Yo-hoing," and consequently may be confidently recommended to the amateur baritone.

The frightful picture on the cover of *Changeless* will preclude most persons from making any further acquaintance with the song. As a matter of fact, the composition is but another setting of the threadbare story of two lovers parting,—she "watched and waited thro' the years;" he "sailed across the treacherous seas," to return or not, as the case may be.

Merry Times is an unpretentious, commonplace little vocal polka, very suitable for boys and girls to sing at Christmas time.

In *Golden Rays* Mr. Riley has attempted a more ambitious style of composition, in which he has hardly been so successful as in his humbler efforts.

EDINBURGH—PATERSON & SONS.

I will think of Thee, my Love. Song. Words by Thomas Gray.

At the Mid Hour of Night. Words by Thomas Moore.

The Ash Tree. Song. Words by Thomas Davidson. Composed by Hamish MacCunn.

It is quite refreshing to turn to these three songs, which bear unmistakable evidence of a master's hand. Mr. MacCunn is to be congratulated upon his power of self-restraint. The compositions before us show nothing of that straining to produce novel effects by means of extraordinary harmonic transitions, out-of-the-way keys, and restless changes of time, which mar the works of so many young composers. *The Ash Tree*, in particular, we consider one of the most charming songs Mr. MacCunn has ever written; and its attractiveness is heightened by Davidson's truly poetic words.

LIVERPOOL—JAMES SMITH & SON.

And the Earth was reaped. Harvest Anthem. The words selected from Holy Writ, and set to music by Edward Cranston.

This is a well-written musically composition, with well-selected words. It is too elaborate in form to be within the reach of any average church choir; in fact, we doubt if it could be done justice to anywhere but in a cathedral.

LONDON—WILLCOCKS & CO.

Child's Play. Six easy pieces for young beginners. Composed by John Attwater.

It is always pleasant to meet with pianoforte pieces for children which do not deserve the epithet "trashy." The compositions entitled *Child's Play* are "grown-up" pieces in miniature, including, as they do, a Berceuse, a Minuet, and a Gavotte in Canon. They are all sufficiently interesting to be worth the trouble of practising; but we should say that the majority of them would be rather beyond the reach of very young beginners.

LONDON—SIMKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

Forty English Songs.

Thirty-six English Songs.

Fifty Standard Glee.

Thirty-three Sacred Songs. Edited by Alfred Miles.

We are glad to call attention to these well-arranged and admirably-printed volumes, which are published at the marvelously low price of eightpence each, and should therefore be within the reach of all classes. The songs are, for the most part, old and well-established favourites; but we are glad to note that a few less known but equally valuable ballads have been included among them.





SIGNOR FOLI.



Magazine of Music Supplement, August 1889.

·containing·also·

"WHERE THE BEE SUCKS" BY R. JOHNSON.

(from D^r John Wilson's Cheerful Ayres)

The Arab's Vigil,

♯ Song,

WORDS BY.

CLAUDE BERNARD,

MUSIC BY

VERNON REY.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTINS HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

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"THE ARAB'S VIGIL"

Words by
CLAUDE BERNARD.

SONG.

Music by
VERNON REY.

Moderato.

f marcato

a tempo

p

The cres-cent moon,..... in sil-ver haze, Swims slow-ly

through..... the li- quid air, And gent-ly falls..... its vir- gin

rays..... on sha- dow- y palms, and ver- dure fair, Be-neath the

p lento

p lento

rall.

dim.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked 'Moderato' and 'f marcato'. The introduction features a melody in the right hand with triplets and a bass line with chords. The vocal melody enters in the second system, marked 'a tempo' and 'p'. The lyrics are: 'The cres-cent moon,..... in sil-ver haze, Swims slow-ly through..... the li- quid air, And gent-ly falls..... its vir- gin rays..... on sha- dow- y palms, and ver- dure fair, Be-neath the'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and triplets. The score ends with a 'p lento' marking in the final system.

sap - phire star - lit sky, In vi - gil long the Be - douin

rall.

stands Eag - er to fight Rea - dy to die To

f risoluto

save his love from strang - ers hands. Eag - er to fight

f

Rea - dy to die, To save his..... love from strang - ers

hands. Se - cure with -

f primo tempo *dim.*

in the tents black - fold, From si-moons dust, and scorch - ing

breath, Is one whose love has made him bold, To meet un -

cres. *animando* *rall.*

nerv'd the wand'r - er's death. No foe can 'scape the fal - con

eye, That sweeps the si - lent de - sert land.

p *rall. molto*

f *risoluto*
Eag - er to fight Rea - dy to die, He guides her through the

f *risoluto*

track - less land. *f* Eag - er to fight Rea - dy to die. He

guides her.... through the track - less land

agitato
mf Far

off the whir - ling clouds ap - pear, The earth vi - brates with trem - ors

low..... A - lert! he grasps the slen - der spear - And draws more

p *lento*

tight..... the slack - en'd bow. The night winds waft a dy - ing

lento *p*

rall.

sigh A horse - man's blood sinks in.... the sand.

rall.

f *risoluto*

Eag - er to fight Rea - dy to die, His love, is safe from

f *risoluto*

animando

strang - ers hands. Eag - er to fight Rea - dy to die, His

animando

rall. *ff*

love, his love is safe from strang ers hands.....

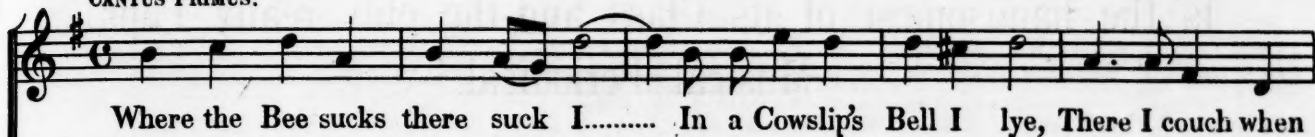
rall. *ff*

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

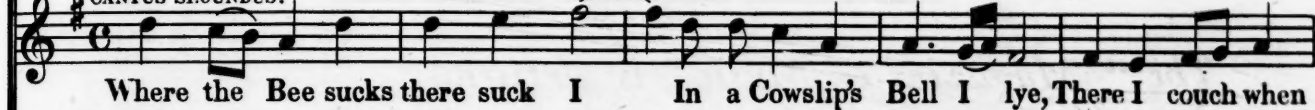
From Dr John Wilson's "Cheerfull Ayres."

R. JOHNSON.

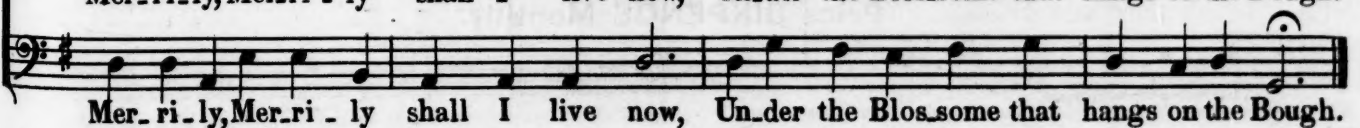
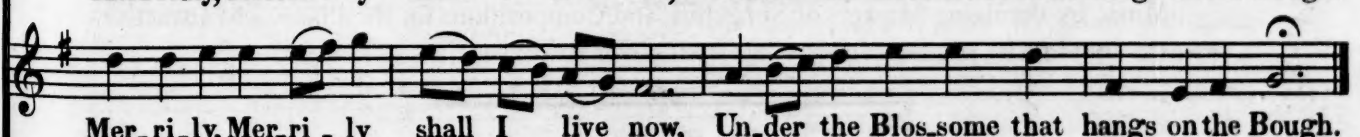
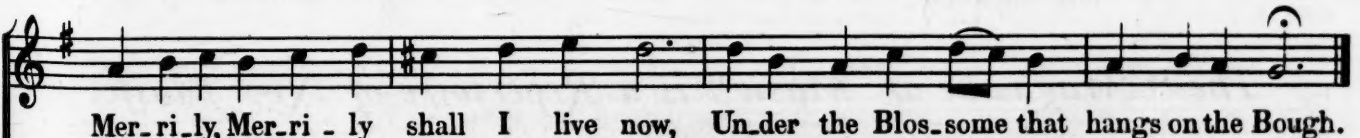
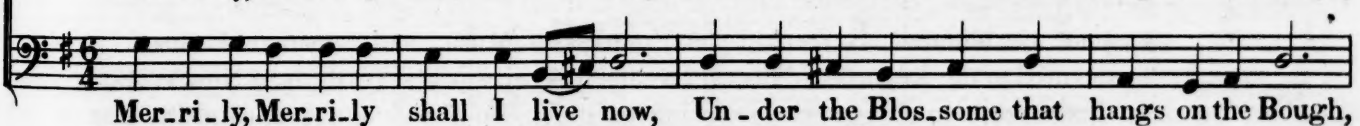
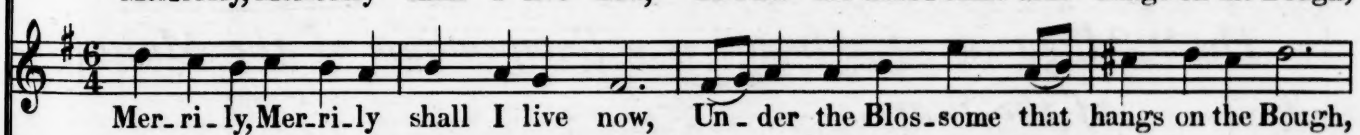
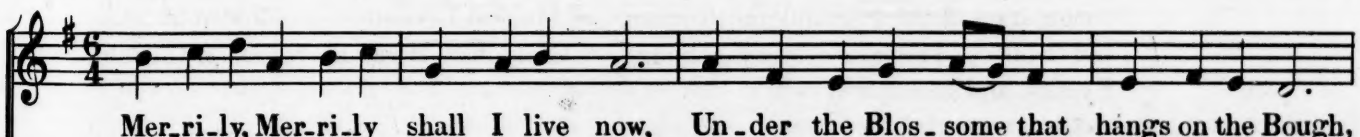
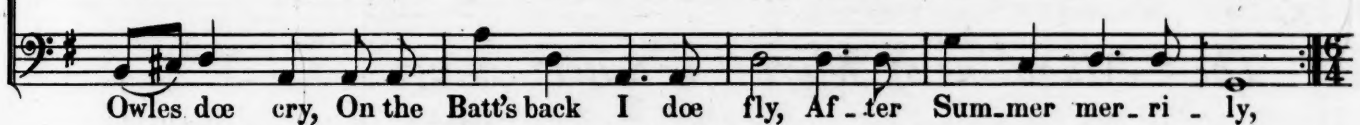
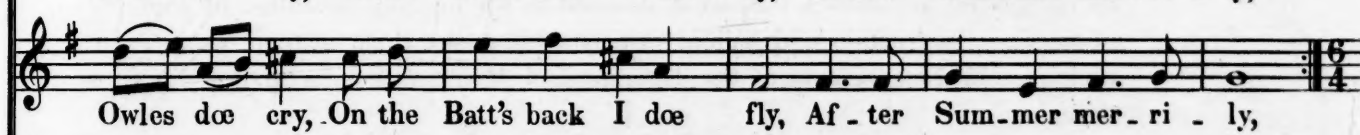
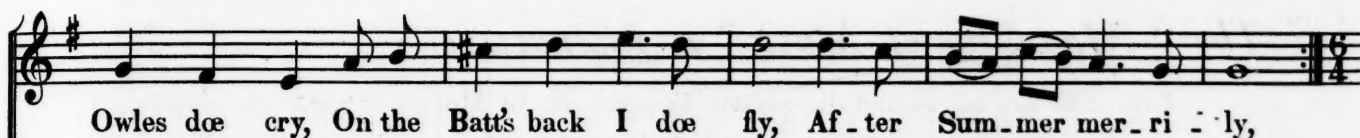
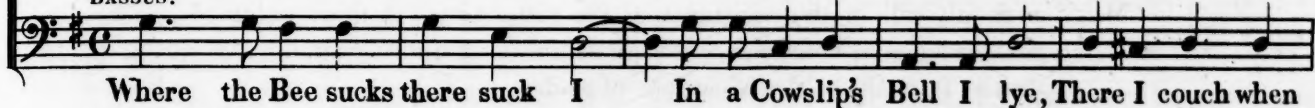
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CANTUS SECUNDUS.



BASSUS.



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